McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. · OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY · TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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GOODYEARS' BIG MILL AT NORWICH.

Mammoth Structure is Fast Nearing Completion.

START SAWING IN SEPTEMBER.

Will Have as Large Capacity as Austin Mill—Six Large Boilers and 600-Horse-Power Engine in Fire Proof Engine and Boiler House—Millwright Wm. T. Collom Shows Writer the Plant—New Houses Being Erected.

The editor of The Miner paid a visit of inspection to Norwich, the new lumber town at the head of Potato creek on Monday and we noted many improvements in every direction, the most marked of which is the new saw mill which has been in the course of construction since last fall. When this mill was started many were of the opinion that it was to be only an ordinary sized mill, but such is not the case, it being fully as large as the one in Austin and one of the largest in the country.

After calling on our old friend Joseph Hull and piloting our guests around the mammoth store in charge of Mr. Hull, we went down the stream about a quarter of a mile to the new mill, which is located at the mouth of Indian Run, and met Wm. F. Collom, the millwright in charge of the construction for Clark Brothers of Belmont, N. Y., makers of the machinery.

Mr. Collom was very kind to our party and showed us all around the mill, explaining the workings of such parts as we did not understand and pointing out the many admirable features of this immense structure. We first inspected the boiler and engine room, which is constructed entirely of brick, cement and steel excepting the windows and doors, and is as nearly fire-proof as possible. It contains six large boilers that will make steam for the 600 horse-power engine which will furnish the motive power for the mill, and a smaller engine to run the dynamos that will furnish electricity for lighting the big mill.

The main structure of the mill is of wood, with a foundation of stone and concrete and the first floor and all beds for the machinery are concrete. The roof is a composition that is nearly fire-proof. The building is three stories high and the first story houses all the belts, pulleys, shafts, etc, that operate the sawing machinery on the second story, in which is located the mill proper.

This mill is double throughout, and will be operated with the most improved machinery, most of which is now installed. The logs will be drawn up into the mill with an automatic endless chain hill slide, where automatic nigger-heads throw them in place on the twin carriages, one on each side of the mill, which are equipped with steam feed appliances. The logs will be first cut with the two band saws and then run over to the re-saw, which is capable of handling the product of both band saws. From there the lumber will go to the edgers and trimmers and then on to the automatic sorter, after which it will be run out on the docks and piled in the good old fashioned way. All of the slabs, edgings and other refuse lumber, which is not marketable at kindling wood factories will be automatically carried to a grinder where it will be ground up and used for fuel, together with the sawdust, which will make sufficient fuel for running this big mill.

The third story will be used for a filing room and is equipped with modern machinery for that work. Most of the machinery from the Austin mill has been removed to Norwich for this department.

Excavations are being made for a large sorting dam, in which the logs will be washed and sorted. The logs will be brought to the dam via the various branches of railroad which extend over this immense tract of timber. A large skidway is being built along the west side of the dam for unloading purposes.

A large tract of land has been cleared off below the mill for the lumber yards, which will be equipped with railroad switches for convenience of loading and shipping when the lumber is seasoned. These yards cover about 25 or 30 acres of land.

A complete machine shop will be built adjacent to the mill, so that in case of break-downs, which are bound to occur, repairs can be made without delay.

The mill when completed will cost upwards of $200,000 and will be of the most modern type in every respect. Mr. Collom informed the writer that they expected to be running this mill by the middle of September if not earlier.

To make room for the men who are to be employed in this mill, ground has been cleared on the main road below the school house at Norwich and the erection of about forty houses started. These will be finished by the time operations are started at the mill.

From this fall on for the next ten or fifteen years Norwich will be one of the busiest towns in the state and it may continue to be a live town for a much longer period.

AUTO STRIPPED BY THIEVES.

Ralph E. Burdick's Car Trimmed Up at Carrollton Last Week.

A few days ago George McGowan was touring in the vicinity of Carrollton, N. Y., in Ralph E. Burdick's little one-cylinder Rambler, and while crossing a flimsy bridge in that town the car went through, breaking some of the parts, which could only be replaced by sending to the factory for them. Mr. McGowan got the car to a hotel barn in that place and had it put under lock and key and came home to await the new parts necessary to make the repairs.

They arrived in due time and George went back to fix up the car and bring it home. Upon his arrival he found that the barn had been broken open and the car stripped of the lamps and all the removable brass fixtures, the tools and an extra tire. The thieves had also attempted to remove the tires from the wheels but evidently had been frightened away before this could be accomplished.

County Detective Jones made a visit to Carrollton and vicinity on Tuesday to see if he could get any trace of the stolen goods or the thieves, but thus far he has not been able to get any clues that would warrant an arrest nor has he located the goods.

THREE GET SENTENCED.

Two Men Go to Penitentiary and Boy Sent to Elmwood Home.

On Monday, Frank Fisher of Bradford, appeared before Judge J. W. Bouton and pleaded guilty to stealing junk and carrying concealed weapons. The judge sentenced him to not less than 18 months nor more than six years in the penitentiary for junk stealing, and suspended sentence on him for carrying concealed weapons.

On the same day Carl Youngberg, also of Bradford, aged 13 years, who has been confined in the juvenile jail awaiting trial, pleaded guilty before Judge Bouton to the theft of money from his step-father, and the judge sentenced him to the Elmwood home at Erie for an indefinite period. Deputy Sheriff J. L. Morrison took him to that institution on Tuesday.

Yesterday William Patten of Bradford, accused of stealing junk, appeared before Judge Bouton and pleaded guilty. He was sentenced to pay a fine of $10 and costs, return the stolen property or pay the owner for the same, and be confined in the penitentiary for not less than 9 months nor more than 3 years.

CLEARS A MYSTERY.

Boy Shooting at Dog Kills Mrs. Thompson.

Michael Ketzinger, aged 17 years, has confessed that he is responsible for the death of Mrs. Frank Thompson, who was shot dead on the porch of her own home at Centerville, Wednesday evening, as mentioned in The Miner last week. He says that a dog had been chasing his chickens and he had loaded his rifle and was watching for the animal, and when it re-appeared he shot at it. Mrs. Thompson was about 250 feet away and he saw her get up after the shot and walk into the house. He did not hear he wounded her until the next day and when his father came home from work Thursday evening he told him. The coroner was then notified.

For Sale.

House and lot, cow, three buggies, surrey, surrey bobs, double driving harness, double work harness, collie dog, white rabbits, four gas stoves.

BURDETTE S. BAYLE,
Jul.15-tf · Smethport, Pa.

LINDSLEY WINS OUT.

Democratic County Chairman James G. Paul Is Ousted.

Harrisburg, Pa., July 19.—By a vote of 6 to 0 the executive committee of the regular Democratic State committee to-day declared James G. Paul, Democratic chairman of McKean county, deposed as county chairman on charges preferred by Editor S. R. Lindsley, of Smethport, to the effect that he opposed the regular candidate for governor last year, gloated over his defeat and regretted that W. H. Berry, Keystone candidate, was defeated. Paul did not appear before the committee but Lindsley was there with the proof and as a reward for exposing Paul the chairman named Lindsley to succeed him on the state committee and Lindsley attended the regular meeting and helped elect Walter E. Ritter as state chairman to succeed A. G. Dewalt. When the courts get through with the Democratic row Lindsley may find himself on top. Paul linked his political fortunes to the reorganizers; attended their meeting, was put on the roll and voted for Guthrie for state chairman.

At the meeting of the two state committees the regulars on a roll call counted 41 and the re-organizers, 56. As there are only 81 in the committee somebody is juggling with the truth, but it will all come out in the court. The regulars endorsed Woodrow Wilson for president, but the re-organizers were so busy trampling on the regulars that they forgot to endorse anybody. The regulars appointed a committee of three to talk peace with the re-organizers but the latter intimated that white-robed peace could not put one over on them and declined to act.

The two factions are as far apart as ever, but both claim to have won.

THOS. M. JONES.

Another case which was to have been taken up by the committee was that of William F. Fairman, county chairman of Jefferson county, whom it was alleged in last fall's campaign, voted against Grim, the regular Democratic nominee, and supported Berry, the Keystone standard bearer. Owing to the fact of E. B. McClain, by whom the charges were brought not being present, no action was taken.

In the appointment of Lindsley over Paul the same condition exists as in the case of Ritter and Guthrie. If state chairmanship be decided by the court it will also decide the Lindsley-Paul contention.

The council of Democratic Clubs will hold the next meeting in Williamsport in August. In February the dollar banquet is to be held in Scranton.—Bradford Era.

PORT ALLEGANY WINS.

Defeats Smethport Here Yesterday by a Score of 12 to 0.

The Port Allegany baseball team had easy pickings with the home team here yesterday afternoon and won out by a score of 12 to 0. The following is a tale of the disaster:

Port Allegany	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Hanlon, lf	4	2	1	0	0	0
Brady, 1b	5	1	1	15	0	0
Boudon, 3b	5	3	2	2	2	0
Gilluly, ss	5	1	3	0	3	0
Rushka, cf	3	2	1	3	1	0
Chapin, rf	4	1	0	1	0	0
Lawler, 2b	4	1	0	0	1	1
Todd, c	5	0	0	5	0	0
Gabriel, p	5	1	3	1	4	0
Total	36	12	11	27	11	1

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McCarthy, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
W. Cooper, 3b	3	0	0	1	0	1
Daniels, 2b	3	0	2	1	1	0
Harris, 1b	3	0	0	8	0	0
J. Cooper, c	3	0	0	10	2	2
Tull, ss	3	0	0	0	7	1
Cosper, cf	3	0	0	2	0	1
McClure, lf	3	0	0	4	0	1
Smith, p	3	0	0	1	0	1
Natello, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	28	0	2	27	10	6

Stolen bases—W. Cooper, Daniels. Hanlon, Boudon, Gilluly 2, Rushka 2, Chapin, Lawler, Todd, Gabriel.

Three base hits—Gilluly 2.

Home run—Boudon.

Struck out—by Smith, 3; Natello, 7; Gabriel, 5.

Innings pitched—by Smith, 2; Natello, 7.

Base on balls—off Smith, 2; Gabriel, 1; Natello, 2.

Double play—Rushka to Brady.

Balk—Smith.

Umpire—McGowan.

Subscribe for The Miner.

J. H. GRANT KILLS SELF.

Puts a Bullet Through His Brain While In Office.

Yesterday morning's Bradford Era says: James H. Grant, aged 62 years, an old soldier, of Kane, Pa., committed suicide at his office in that borough during Monday night by shooting himself. His body was found early in the morning by a son, Fred Grant.

Mr. Grant retired about the usual time Monday evening and apparently in good spirits. About 11 p. m. he arose and dressed himself and started to leave the house. His son, Fred, asked him what was the trouble and he replied that he was unable to sleep and was going to take a walk. The son returned to his bed and went to sleep, thinking nothing of the actions of his father. When morning came his father had not returned home and a search was instituted, when the body was found.

On reaching the office of his father, young Mr. Grant was shocked by the spectacle of his father seated in an office chair, dead. In the aged man's lap was a revolver. Upon closer examination it was found that Grant had fired a shot from the revolver, the bullet entering the right temple and passing through his head, coming out on the opposite side of the head just below the left ear. From all appearances death was instantaneous.

People living in the vicinity of the office claim that they heard a shot a few minutes after 11 o'clock, which would indicate that the suicide had gone from the house to his office just as quickly as possible and had ended his earthly existence.

It is probable that he had contemplated the act only for a day or two, as the revolver and box of cartridges in the office had the appearance of having been recently purchased.

Mr. Grant had been an insurance agent for six years and was at one time a tax collector. He was removed from the office when, it is alleged, it was found there was a shortage in his accounts. The amount is said to have been from $4,400 to $7,000. A part of the amount was made good, it is said, by turning in property which he at the time possessed. It is possible that this matter of finances preyed on his mind and led him to the act of self-destruction. Others claim that for some time, Mr. Grant had shown signs of mental trouble, although he had never threatened to take his life. He was a man generally liked in the community and his tragic act was a great shock to his family, which consists of a widow, two sons, and one daughter, and to his many friends. In years past Mr. Grant was engaged in business in Kane and was fairly successful.

Coroner Sherman of this city, went to Kane yesterday and made some inquiries as to the circumstances of the death, but deemed an inquest unnecessary. The body was taken in charge by Undertaker Smullins.

BETTER FIRE PROTECTION.

South Side of Town Now Has Good Water Pressure.

The water company has completed the new six-inch line from Main street to Cemetery street, along Mechanic. It will be connected up with the old line traversing the streets of the Brooklyn side of town. The borough will install new hydrants on Mechanic street. It affords that part of town good fire protection as it is expected that the enlarged line will allow the using of the fire engine on the hydrants, so that a good water pressure at fires will be assured.

The people living in East Smethport should install at least two more hydrants on their new water line there. Charles Pratt already has one in front of his property, and there should be another near the chemical works and one near the store of Mrs. McAhon.

It would cost about fifty dollars to install each of these hydrants. As East Smethporters are beyond the borough limits it is up to them to see that this improvement is made. It should be attended to now as a bad fire might be averted in this way.

Automobile for Hire.

Large seven-passenger touring car. Rates reasonable by trip, hour or day. Inquire at Backus Novelty Co. Garage.

Jul.20-3t-pd WALTER BRENNEMAN.

Will Open September 5.

Westbrook Commercial Academy will begin its 30th year Sept. 5. Free catalogue. Jul.15-3t

DEATH OF WILLIAM WINDSOR.

Aged Resident of Larabee Received Injuries From Which He Died.

Our Larabee correspondent says:

On Sunday, July 16, 1911, at 3:40 o'clock p. m., William E. Windsor passed into rest at his home in Larabee, after some two weeks of suffering from injuries inflicted by one of his horses. He was trying to harness the horse, when in some way the beast caught him on its head, and throwing him, fractured two of his ribs, besides causing other serious internal injuries.

The deceased was born in Cattaraugus county, New York, on Sept. 29, 1832, and was a son of Samuel and Phebe Windsor. At the death of his father in 1837, he came to Eldred where his early boyhood days were passed. Later he resided in Portville. On Dec. 31, 1853, he was united in marriage to Fannie E. Childs, and settled on the farm he has since improved and occupied. To this union five children were born. Frank A. of Clarksville; Charles A. (deceased); Mac, of Olean; Walter W., of Clarksville, and Mrs. Ada Moses of Port Allegany.

Mr. Windsor was well known in this region, being one of its pioneer residents, and having held the office of constable and collector for several years in succession. He was a kind and indulgent husband and father, and his loss will be most deeply felt.

The funeral was held from the house on Tuesday, at 2 o'clock p. m., and the interment was at Oak Hill cemetery at Eldred.

DR. HAMILTON BRUISED.

He Was Breaking a Motor Cycle to Ride When the Thing Bucked.

Dr. Robert Hamilton is nursing a bruised arm and two sore shins as the result of a tussle he had with an untamed motor cycle a few days ago. Dr. Bob is a great lover of speed and with the consent of Claude Lyons the cycle's young and tender owner cycle down to the race track with the intention of putting it in condition to win out in the big races at Buffalo.

Dr. Bob led the spirited animal up to the fence, mounted it and let it jog once around the track. On the second lap it "took the bit in its teeth and made a dash that would break all previous records," or in the rider's own words, "at better than a 50 second clip, but the thing did not like the short turns and started for the fence at even greater speed. It was then that I decided to get off, and get off I did, in a very impromptu manner." Several large patches of cuticle were left to mark the dismountings and the fractious motor cycle was blanketed and sent to the barn.

The doctor is able to attend to his duties, but the Lyons motor cycle did not get away with the sweepstakes.

TURNED TURTLE.

Henry Eley's Auto Went Over Bank On Sunday Afternoon.

Henry Eley had a very narrow escape from serious injury and possible death Sunday afternoon near Coudersport. John Freeman and Melville Maddigan were with him at the time. He was driving from Coudersport near Mina, and on a narrow part of the road met Policeman Algreen of Coudersport driving in the opposite direction. Algreen took the left side of the road, and Eley tried to drive by him, going very slowly. There was not enough room, however, and the car began slipping over the bank. It went down, about twenty feet and turned over in its descent, pinning Eley beneath it. The car was turned over and Eley extricated. It was found that with the exception of a few slight bruises, none of the party were injured. The automobile was skidded to the road again with considerable difficulty, after which Eley started it up and drove home in it. The machine was uninjured, except the mudguards which were twisted, and it ran as well after the accident as it did before.—Port Allegany Argus.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Advertise in The Miner.

COMMITTED SUICIDE.

Richard Camp Cut His Throat at Hotel in Denver, Last Week.

News reached here Tuesday that Richard B. Camp of Buffalo, formerly of this place, had committed suicide at Denver Monday. He had been in Denver on a business mission, and no cause can be given for his act. On Sunday night he was out and did not return to his room in the Kaiseroff hotel until two o'clock in the morning. He was found bleeding to death in his bathroom late Monday afternoon and died in the hospital at ten o'clock Tuesday evening.

Camp had no money on his clothes or in his luggage, although it is known that he brought $19,000 to Denver for Bronson Rumsey of Buffalo, who is interested in the Colorado Gold Mining & Smelting company, and who had sent Camp there to make an investigation into the concern for him. Camp was making trips to various parts of the state examining property held by the company. He was to have left Denver on Monday on one of these excursions. C. C. Worrall, president of the company, says Camp was decidedly cheerful and was interested in his work. He believes that the man's mind must have been affected by the altitude.

The police found no evidence of foul play. The razor found beside the body in the bathroom is apparently new and of a cheap make. The police think he bought it to use in suicide.

Richard B. Camp has offices in the Ellicott Square and was accountant of the estates of B. C. and D. P. Rumsey. His home was at No. 159 Highland avenue, Buffalo, but in the summer he lived at Windover Estate at Hamburg, where he left his wife and widow when he went to Denver the latter part of June on business connected with the Rumsey estates.

Mr. Camp was the son of Fred Camp, formerly of this place, and spent his boyhood here. He has many friends here and all are shocked at his terrible death. It is the general opinion here that his death was caused by insanity brought on by the intense heat.—Port Allegany Argus.

Mr. Camp was quite well known in Smethport, where he has visited many times in years gone by.

IS STILL AT IT.

Alleges Mrs. Hodge Makes Second Confession.

It is learned that the rumor which has been current for several days to the effect that Mrs. Stella Hodge has made another confession, this time to the district attorney and which confession refutes the one secured by the Andrews' defense, is something more than mere rumor. It is stated that Mrs. Hodge, of her own free will, in the county jail, in the presence of Mr. Lyons, Sheriff Park and Detective Myers, explained the details prompting her to make the confession which landed her in jail as the slayer of Emile Amann on the murder charge. The confession consists of 10 pages of typewritten copy and it is said is replete with sensational statements. The confession will be read at the hearing to be set Monday, probably by Judge Hinckley, for Thursday of next week, possibly.

District Attorney Lyons was talked with over the long distance telephone at Mercer this afternoon by the Times. He said that he had not given out the details of the confession nor would not at this time.—Warren Times.

Excursion to Olean, Riverhurst and Rock City Park, Sunday, July 30, 1911, via Shawmut Line.

Sunday, July 30th, the P., S. & N. R. R. offer special service and rates to Olean, Riverhurst and Rock City Parks from St. Marys and intermediate points, except stations on the Hazelhurst branch. Train leaves Smethport, 10:27 a. m., returning leaves Olean 7:00 p. m. Fare for round trip to Olean $1.00, to Riverhurst, $1.05 and to Rock City $1.30.

The St. Marys Silver Cornet Band has been engaged to accompany excursion and will give a concert at Rock City Park in the afternoon. For full particulars see small bills, or apply to P., S. & N. agents, or address

JOS. T. ODELL,
Jul.20-2t · Gen. Pas. Agent.

Fifty Young Men Wanted

To qualify for $75 to $100 a month positions. A ten months' course will do it. Westbrook Academy, Olean, N. Y. Jul.15-3t

The Power of Steam

A Story Showing How It May Be Used as a Weapon of Defence

By Jack Tomlinson

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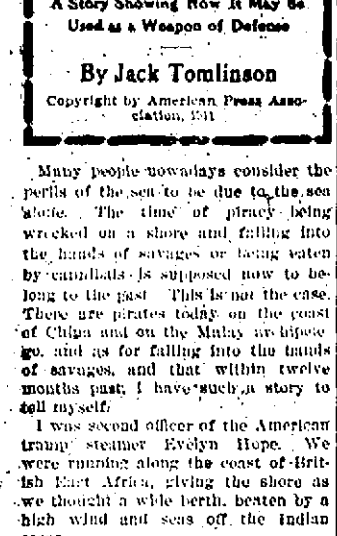
Many people nowadays consider the perils of the sea to be due to the sea alone. The time of piracy being wrecked on a shore and falling into the hands of savages or being eaten by cannibals is supposed now to belong to the past. This is not the case. There are pirates today on the coast of China and on the Malay archipelago, and as for falling into the hands of savages, and that within twelve months past, I have such a story to tell myself.

I was second officer of the American tramp steamer Evelyn Hope. We were running along the coast of British East Africa, giving the shore as we thought a wide berth, beaten by a high wind and seas off the Indian ocean.

It was very early in the morning that the wind suddenly ceased. And it was lucky that it did so, for our bow ran upon a coral and sand beach. We tried to back off, but our engines were not strong enough, and we were obliged to wait for daylight in order to see where we were and adopt more strenuous means for getting free.

When the dawn came we found ourselves on the shore of an uninhabited island. We set about cutting our bows anchors and making other preparations to float us off. I was ordered to go ashore with a crew of six men and try for some game that we might have fresh meat. We found plenty of wild animals and birds on the island and were just getting a supply of both when we heard a shout from the man we had left on the shore with the boat. Hurrying to the



"I GAVE HIM A DOSE OF STEAM."

beach we saw five large canoes, each containing some forty negroes, pulling toward the Evelyn Hope.

Of course we got into our boat at once and raced with the blacks for the vessel. When they saw that we would reach it first they lay on their oars, endeavored themselves with observing our movements.

They watched us all the afternoon, and our captain concluded that they were waiting for the darkness, when they would attack us, and if they captured our ship we would all doubtless be murdered. We scoured the vessel for arms, and all we found was a shotgun, a rifle and two revolvers. We had a dozen white seamen aboard and a mixed lot of copper colored men, mostly Malays. Late in the afternoon the blacks sent a boat toward us, probably to draw our fire and discover how strong we were. At the sight of the negro warriors our Asiatics howled so with fright that the captain ordered them all below. We did not gratify the blacks by firing at them.

Our chances for our lives looked very small. Our armament wouldn't afford a weapon each to our white crew. As for the rest, they were not worth arming. Suddenly I thought of a weapon that would serve us better than powder and ball. We had plenty of hose aboard, and it occurred to me to couple it to the boilers and fight the blacks with steam.

What frightened our men was that some of them remembered that several years ago a French ship had gone ashore on this or another island on this very part of the coast and the natives had massacred all on board. The outlook with a couple of hundred black devils waiting for night to come to treat us the same way was, to say the least, not reassuring, especially since our principal weapon was steam.

We calculated that it would be high tide about 9 o'clock in the evening. If we weren't captured before that there was a possibility of our sliding off into deep water. Once free we could put on steam and sail away without molestation. But the blacks knew this as well as we and were not likely to delay their attack till the tide helped us off.

Fortunately the weather, which had been thick when we struck and continued thick, cleared at sunset, and there was a three-quarter moon in the east.

We had counted on this to help us even more than the tide, for with its light we could see our enemies. Without it they could climb to our decks under cover of the darkness and overpower us by force of numbers.

Our luckiest find in the way of defense was some barbed wire fencing stowed away in the cargo. We stretched it around the gunwale. We didn't consider it sufficient to keep off an enemy, but excellent for purposes of delay. We put two rows, one above the other, from stern to midships in order to make it easier for the blacks to attack us aft, thus concentrating them to our advantage.

We had two couplings on the boilers and hose enough to reach any part of the ship from both couplings. By sunset we had all our dispositions made. The captain was in command. The first officer was to work the port and I the starboard hose. The arms were distributed among the white crew. The Asiatics were kept in the hold.

As the evening approached they began to cry to be let out, not relishing being murdered like rats in a trap. And they also feared that the blacks might set the ship afire or let the water in on them to drown them. We paid no attention to them, and they finally became more quiet.

Long before the sun surrendered the day to the moon we had everything in readiness to repel boarders. Openings were left in the fencing, which was closely woven, with a barb on top, so that we could fire at our enemies as well as keep them from getting at us. When there was only moonlight a dark cloud rolled over our big round lantern and hid it. As it was being obscured we saw every canoe pulled furiously toward us.

It seemed to me that we fifteen white men opposed to more than three times their number of strong men armed with spears they were used to handling, besides probably some firearms, had a very small chance for our lives. We were supported, however, by faith in our arrangements for their reception, and if we could reach them with our steam jets we had confidence in its power to put us them considerably.

Now and again while our enemies were pulling toward us a thin part of the cloud passing over the moon would give us some light. The coming canoes and their loads were black as Erebus, though here and there we would see a flash when the moonlight struck a shield or a steel weapon. Nearer came the black death till the canoes reached a point a cable's length from us. Two pulled to port, two to starboard and one toward the stern.

I wondered how they proposed to board us, for we had been careful to leave nothing hanging for them to take hold of. As soon as they came beside us and under our stern we learned their method. They were provided with ropes of their own making—of what material I did not know—and at the end of each was a sort of V made from a forking branch, one side being free to form a hook. They no sooner came near enough than they began to throw these V's to catch on the gunwale. But here our wire fencing stood us in good stead. The blacks found it impossible to get an attachment except at the openings we had purposely left for our own action.

Standing at my post with my nozzle, I saw one of the canoes come toward me, and its crew, seeing a single man apparently unarmed to defend the opening, pulled directly under me. One of them threw a V, which caught on the gunwale, and a black came quickly up, climbing hand over hand. I gave him a dose of steam right in the face.

With a wild shriek, he dropped into the boat. I dared not remain exposed to a spear thrown from below; but, sighting the position of the boat, I reached out with the nozzle in my hand and poured a stream of hot vapor into it. Knowing by their yells that they were in distress, I made bold to lean over the ship's side and turn the stream from one end of the canoe to the other.

For awhile the blacks were too paralyzed to act; then every one who had not been severely scalded jumped into the water, leaving the wounded in the boat to drift away. Of course as soon as they were put out of the fight I desisted.

Meanwhile the first officer was having a similar experience with the blacks on the other side, as I well knew from the yells coming from that direction. I had no sooner driven off my enemies than I was ordered by the captain to the stern, where several blacks had already climbed up and were jumping down on the deck. I did not need to go to them. I simply turned a steam jet on them. Some fell on the deck; others managed to get over the taffrail and down into their canoe or the water.

And so at every point we achieved an easy victory without firing a shot. Great is the power of steam. Since our triumph on the African coast with no other weapon I have wondered why military men should not place boilers with hose attachments in fortifications for the close work. Might it not be made as effective as a Gatling gun?

As we saw the canoes pulling away to get rid of the dreadful hot water we felt our ship sliding off the reef. A cheer both for our victory and for the friendly tide that had freed us went up, doubtless the greatest noise from the mingling of human voices that had ever been heard on that silent shore. In a few minutes we were in deep water, and instead of using our steam to scald negroes we moved away under it toward a friendly port.

I've been through hurricanes and been wrecked on a deserted island, but never in all my sailor life have I been so scared as when those blacks were waiting for darkness to come aboard and murder us.

The Third Table

Mystery of the Changing of Ezra Reynolds' Will

By AGNES G. BROGAN

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John Hargreaves strode impatiently up and down the hotel lobby, pausing often in the doorway to scan the faces of those gathered about the numerous small tables. His frown deepened as the one he sought failed to appear. It was like Tom Martens to be late at an appointment or to forget it altogether, but Hargreaves, soul of punctuality, could not brook such carelessness. Many curious glances were cast in his direction, for this tall, distinguished figure was speedily becoming a well known public character, whose skill in his profession caused judges and juries to alter former decisions in a manner amazing to themselves.

Once more Hargreaves glanced over the inviting dining room. Little scarlet shaded lights upon the tables, crimson draperies and blooming plants gave it

"I SENT FOR YOU," SHE SAID QUIETLY.

a gala air. Very near the doorway, her fair face glowing above the rosy reflected light, sat a young woman, who looked up with interest at his frequent reappearances. Her dark eyes studied his face with an unconscious intentness, while Hargreaves, half annoyed, found himself gazing involuntarily in her direction. He had decided to seek Tom in the smoking room when a waiter approached.

"Mr. Hargreaves?" he questioned. The lawyer nodded a curt affirmative. "You are wanted at the third table, sir," he said.

Hargreaves immediately followed. So Tom had been coolly enjoying his own meal, while he waited outside. With an obsequious bow the waiter drew forth a chair at the third table, and the lawyer stood hesitating in embarrassment as he looked down into the face of the girl.

"I beg your pardon," he said at length. "The waiter has evidently made a mistake."

She continued to scrutinize him in that strangely impersonal manner. "I sent for you," she said quietly. "Will you kindly be seated?" A smile hovered about her lips as he stared in surprise. "I wish to speak concerning a business matter," she explained.

Hargreaves' voice returned to its habitual brusqueness. "I prefer to discuss business affairs in my office," he replied.

The girl spoke pleasantly. "As you cannot be found in your office at this hour and this being an urgent case, I trust you will pardon the interruption."

He smiled grimly. "I do not recall your face?" His tone was quizzical. The girl slowly adjusted her glove.

"To my knowledge," she said, "you have never seen me before."

"Well?" he asked sharply. As he awaited her reply the voices of two men, seated at an adjoining table, came to them clearly in the sudden cessation of music.

"That Hargreaves could beat Old Nick at his own game"—one was saying excitedly—"wins every case, crooked or straight, that he undertakes. Why, look at that recent will contest, for instance"— The voices trailed into silence, but a dull red crept from Hargreaves' throat to the damp hair upon his forehead. The girl's eyes twinkled.

"They have been discussing you for some time," she said, "and now, can you conveniently accompany me to the home of your client, Mr. Reynolds?"

"Reynolds!" the lawyer exclaimed. "Why, I have spent the greater part of this afternoon in his company and can conceive of no important matter which would require my further attention."

The girl arose. "Will you come?" she asked simply. "My carriage is waiting."

"Pardon me," Hargreaves spoke abruptly—"this seems an unnecessary proceeding. A phone call would have found me as easily as a messenger."

The girl regarded him steadily. "This appointment must be entirely confidential," she said meaningly. "Mrs. Reynolds herself will have no knowledge of your visit."

The lawyer frowned perplexedly. "Having acted in the capacity of confidential adviser to Mr. Reynolds for some time," he said, "I would like to know the name, at least, of the person whom he intrusts with a message which he would conceal from his own family."

The girl deliberately clasped the last button of her little glove. "Perhaps he will answer that question," she returned smilingly. The ride was a swift and silent one, and the gloomy old Reynolds mansion appeared deserted as the great lawyer and his mysterious guide ascended the marble steps together.

The door was opened in response to their hasty summons, and the butler's gruff voice spoke from out the shadows. "Mr. Reynolds can see no one. He has retired and mustn't be disturbed. Mrs. Reynolds is out."

As the door was about to be closed in their faces the lawyer put forth a restraining hand, while a glimmer of light from the interior shone upon his face. The butler coughed apologetically. "Mr. Hargreaves, sir!" he exclaimed. "Beg pardon, didn't know it was you—obeying strict orders, sir, for Mrs. Reynolds allows no one to be admitted to the house, saving the doctor and yourself, sir. Do you wish to go up?"

The girl followed him up the velvet carpeted stairs, then waited silently as he tapped upon a heavy oak door near the landing.

"Is your patient asleep, Jim?" he asked of the attendant who opened it.

"No, Mr. Hargreaves," the young man answered; "he is very restless to night."

The girl's face paled, and she drew in her breath sharply. "I will go in first if you do not mind," she said, and before Hargreaves could demur she had entered the room, closing the door softly behind her. The lawyer turned to the attendant, feeling vaguely troubled. He disliked mystery of all kinds. "Mrs. Reynolds out, Jim?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, gone to the charity ball. Old fellow's pretty bad tonight," the young man continued. "Is that his daughter, Mr. Hargreaves?"

"No," the lawyer answered; "that is not his daughter. Why do you ask?"

"He seems to have her on his mind," the young man replied; "talks about this daughter of his a good deal when Mrs. Reynolds is out."

A continued murmur of voices came from behind the closed door. Hargreaves could barely distinguish the girl's low musical tone, which seemed to be punctuated with sharp sentences from the old man, until at length the girl herself stood in the doorway beckoning him to come. Her eyes shone starlike, while two brilliant carmine spots burned upon either cheek. The old millionaire sat propped up in bed. His eyes glittered like points of steel beneath their shaggy brows.

"Good evening, Hargreaves," he called, and the lawyer noted that his client spoke with a loud, new confidence. "Let us get to work immediately. I wish to add a codicil to the will drawn this afternoon."

"Mr. Reynolds," the lawyer expostulated, "do you realize the seriousness of this move? Your affairs were satisfactorily settled this afternoon."

"Not satisfactorily, sir," the old man answered emphatically. "There is no time to lose. If you refuse to act in this matter let me know at once, that I may obtain the services of another attorney."

The girl threw back the cover of a small desk and pressed an electric bell above it. "Please," she whispered entreatingly.

Half bewildered, Hargreaves seated himself and wrote rapidly at his client's dictation. When the document was finished the shrewd eyes of the old man conned every line; then, smiling triumphantly, he signed his name with a firm hand.

"Now, two witnesses," he cried. "Send for my attendant and Dr. Curtis, who is downstairs."

When his wish had been fully complied with the millionaire dismissed the witnesses with a peremptory wave of his hand and sank wearily back upon the pillows.

"Mr. Reynolds," the lawyer said slowly, "I would like to know the name of this young woman, who, wisely or unwisely, has influenced you to make such an important change in your affairs."

The old man chuckled delightedly. "I don't know her name myself, Hargreaves," he said. "I have never seen her before."

The girl bent over him, rearranging the crumpled pillows and smoothing the counterpane with gentle touch. "You will not be sorry for what you have done this night," she said.

"Sorry!" the old man exclaimed. "Why, I shall rest at peace with all the world." He pressed her hand. "Good night, my dear," he said.

Tears glistened upon the girl's long lashes. "For her," she whispered and, bending lower, lightly kissed his withered cheek. She looked back again standing framed in the doorway. "Good night," she repeated softly.

A few moments later Hargreaves hastily descended the stairs, looking searchingly into every shadowy corner. She must give him some explanation.

"The young lady has went, sir," the butler coolly informed him.

The lawyer was summoned upon the following morning by the young and beautiful wife of his client. Her aged husband had not awakened from his last sleep. They had found him very early, lying motionless, still with that contented smile upon his face.

Events followed closely after this and Hargreaves turned with a shudder of disgust from the glaring newspaper headlines. Again he was forced into the limelight: "Millionaire's will to be contested—Ezra Reynolds, whose second marriage to a beautiful society girl caused much comment a few years ago, adds a codicil to his will the night preceding his death, leaving half of his entire estate to a supposedly disowned daughter—The will propel named Olivia Van der Wert, his wife, as sole beneficiary—Attorney Hargreaves accused of duplicity in aiding the daughter's cause by exercising undue influence over his feeble client," etc.

And while the papers continued to slur and sneer, while the aggrieved wife's many wealthy relatives withdrew their patronage from him, Hargreaves was haunted continually by the memory face of the girl who had brought all this annoyance upon him. Faithfully each day he sought the red dining room of the hotel, only to depart disappointed. He called particularly this particular morning as, engrossed with his own thoughts, he made his way to the third table.

"How do you do?" said a voice with an undernote of laughter in it. The lawyer's start of surprise was very genuine. She looked as sweet and innocent as the knot of violets at her belt—this little unknown girl. "I came to see you again," she volunteered—"this time about the will."

"Yes?" he tried to speak calmly.

She raised her clear eyes to his. "You mustn't let them break it," she said.

Hargreaves laughed shortly. "I have nothing more to do with the case," he replied. The girl leaned forward eagerly.

"Miss Reynolds wishes you to take care of her interests," she said. "Please do not refuse until you have heard her story. My father has an office here in New York, and during my visits there I became interested in one of the stenographers—such a frail, white faced wisp of a creature that it made one's heart ache to think of her toiling away in that sickly place, so I drew her on to talk of herself; she was not disposed to be confidential at first, but later I learned that what I had feared was true—she was a patient sufferer, and the doctors had insisted that she must go away at once to the mountains, where the air is clear and pure, or else—well, she could not go. She could barely earn enough here to pay the rent of a 2 by 4 room in a tenement building, and yet she was the daughter of a millionaire—disowned, it is true—because a young and beautiful wife had chosen to turn her father's heart against the girl, using as her excuse disobedience. And if being loyal to the man one loves, despite his poverty, is disobedience, then indeed Mollie was guilty. When she was obliged to leave her father's house her lover went West to try to make a home for her. He is still bravely striving, but unless the doctor's orders are soon followed I fear the little home will be empty. Caring for her father through all his injustice, Mollie repeatedly tried to see him and was refused admittance, while her letters were returned unopened. In despair she sought his solicitors, begging them to intercede for her." The girl paused. "She saw you," she said accusingly, "and you did not help her."

The dull red again swept Hargreaves' face.

"Then one night," the girl continued, "I sat just here waiting for my father, and two men pointed you out as you stood in the doorway. I had been longing for an opportunity to see Mr. Reynolds alone to put his daughter's case before him in its true light, assured that there would be no doubt as to the result." The girl laughed a little unsteadily. "I grasped the opportunity," she finished.

Hargreaves covered her hand with his strong brown one. "I will take Miss Reynolds' case," he said.

"And win it," the girl added. Her laugh rippled merrily. "Why, Hargreaves could beat Old Nick at his own game," she quoted.

He arose to accompany her. "Not this time, please," she begged.

"I must know you," Hargreaves entreated, his voice trembling with eagerness. "Why, I never wished for anything so much in my life as to see your face again."

"YOU WILL NOT BE SORRY FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE."

"When this case is all settled," the girl said softly, "I intend to bring Mollie Reynolds here before she goes away. You will be glad to meet Mollie," she added demurely.

Again the papers flaunted their bold headlines, but the battle of law was soon ended. Hargreaves, the invincible, had won another victory.

It was not in a victorious frame of mind, however, that he approached the hotel dining room. In fact, his heart was hammering away in great fear that the girl whose very name was unknown to him might not be there. For an instant the lights and flowers danced before him in a confused crimson blur, and then through it all her face shone out white and radiant. As her eyes met his she arose, one hand outstretched in greeting, while across her face there flashed a joyous welcoming smile. The waiter looked up in astonishment at the jubilant sound of the lawyer's voice.

"Third table," said Hargreaves.

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THE WAY OF ESCAPE

Explanation That Came Among the Tree Branches.

By JOANNA SINGLE.

John Kingdon was thoroughly angry. He pulled his cap over his eyes and rushed down a side street to escape Bradford, whose cheerful whistle seemed to be just behind him. He did not want to be pestered to play cards or golf or be pulled in the country club dance. He wanted solitude and his pipe and a chance to wonder why on earth Elizabeth Treynor should suddenly refuse to have anything to do with him after she had golfed and picnicked and sung with him all summer and after she had succeeded in getting him thoroughly in love with her.

He felt ill treated. He did not fall in love easily, and in general he did not care for western girls, being a Connecticut man. Yale trained and Europe finished, before settling to practice medicine in the midwest. Elizabeth was different, and as he reflected on the difference between her and all other girls in the world he heard Bradford whistling at the Treynor side gate for Jack and then asking if Kingdon were there.

Kingdon slipped over the fence in the twilight and clambered up the first conveniently low branched tree. Panting, but triumphant, he heard Bradford's account of how he had chased Kingdon and lost him somewhere and that he wanted him to take Nell Somers to the dance they had just got up on the spur of the moment. And where was Jack's sister? Bradford wanted to ask her to go with him.

Startled by the sound curiously like a suppressed snicker, Kingdon decided to climb higher. He reached up for a branch above him and seized a small, warm slipper that gave his hand a little kick.

"Keep still, can't you, and let go my foot?" a whisper admonished him. He looked up and saw Elizabeth sitting high and dry on a horizontal branch, swinging her feet and peering toward the house. "S-sh!" she warned again for her brother Jack and Bradford came into the garden.

"Elizabeth!" Jack called. Then: "Confound girls, anyhow? She was here five minutes ago, and her wraps are in the hall. She must be near." On the strength of Elizabeth's chuckle Dr. John Kingdon climbed up and sat beside her. Her gray suit made her almost invisible in the growing dark, but he knew by heart the line of her eyes, the rich brownness of her hair and the coldness of her manner to him of late.

"What are you doing here?" She tried to get hauteur into a whisper and failed.

"What you are escaping Bradford evidently. I wouldn't go to the dance because you were to be there."

"Thanks," she replied. "Neither would I because you were to be there. That's why I'm here. One has to explain to Richard Bradford, and he always wants to know why."

"I'd like to know why myself."

"Oh, be still! Why doesn't he go?" whispered the girl, for the sound Bradford sauntered under their tree and lighted his pipe.

"Don't wait for me, Jack, old man. I'll wait around a bit, and if she doesn't show up I'll come out alone."

"The confounded idiot!" Kingdon whispered and put out a protecting hand when she seemed to sway a bit. She froze instantly, and he dared not venture excuse or protest.

The darkness had increased, and when the moon came sailing up Bradford swore at his luck and departed, clicking the gate behind him.

"Now, Dr. Kingdon, I think you can make your escape."

"But I don't want to—now! May I not stay long enough to apologize for intruding on your tree solitude?" He spoke softly, with a delicate clipping of the r's. His fine dark face bent toward her. "I have not meant to persecute you, but you did not answer my letter. I will never trouble you again, but will you not be fair enough to tell me just what I have done? You could do an enemy that justice!" To his surprise she grasped his arm.

"Father and mother!" she murmured. "You'll have to stay. I couldn't explain to them why I am here!" Kingdon hardly breathed, for she forgot to keep the blessed hold on his sleeve.

Mr. Treynor walked in portly nonchalance beside his anxious little wife. "Elizabeth worries me so," she confided, and they seated themselves on a rustic bench. "She's so difficult! I don't lay it to college and her trip to Europe, for she was lively till just of late. Now she doesn't enjoy society and is getting interested in the poor. And what do you suppose is her reason for refusing to have anything to do with that nice Dr. Kingdon and—"

"Some fool notion," her father grunted.

"And taking up with that Bradford? I hope she won't marry him. I don't care if we have always known him—he doesn't seem quite nice. Well, he told Elizabeth that Dr. Kingdon said at the club that western girls hadn't reserve enough—that he disapproved of co-education because it made girls too free and easy with men and a lot of stuff like that!"

"She needn't be a fool if he did. He never meant it for her."

"No. I'm from New Hampshire, and she has lived there half her time during the last six years. I wonder where she is now. Probably at Anne's. She's safe enough. Jo, if you're going to sleep we might's well go in. I don't like talking to the air, and I don't like Dick Bradford, and I wish the children were home. Listen to that, now!" Two men, laughing and yelling, drove past in a cart at a furious pace.

"It's Sam Brown," continued Mrs. Treynor. "I wish they didn't live next door. He's sure to kill some one sooner or later. He'll come back drunk about midnight and chase the family outdoors. I think the public ought"—Her voice died away as she entered the house with her husband.

Then Kingdon turned and faced the still, proud girl beside him. She held her head high, her beautiful face full in the moonlight.

"Is that true—what your mother said? Is that why you treat me so? Won't you be fair enough to tell me?"

"Well, yes," she admitted. "I don't like being called underbred. It's not true, and you wouldn't like it yourself."

"It was a careless statement, exaggerated by Bradford and made when I had met only a few girls of the Molly Racer type. You know perfectly well that it never applied to you in my mind or anybody's. I saw at a glance that you were thoroughbred—that you added to the older culture of the east the frank courage and honesty of the west; that you had the poise to be a law unto yourself—and unto me. Oh, I shall finish now, for I shall never speak to you again till you say you wish me to. You are a girl I could adore and be proud of, east or west. I would bear anything for one willing word of love from you. You know me—my pedigree, education and behavior, the best of their kind. I haven't much money, though I shall have, but I have pride—as much as you."

He paused. Elizabeth looked straight at him.

"I was unfair, and I am sorry. I want you to"— A furious rattle of wheels, a sound of cursing and yelling, and Sam Brown's cart careened dangerously as the terrified horse crashed into the fence just beneath. Kingdon started to leap down, then caught the girl's face to his breast and covered her ears with his hands to spare her the sight and sound of the drunken brute being dragged to death.

The horse broke loose and dashed away. A crowd gathered, and Kingdon whispered: "Stay here. I'll be back in a moment and get you down." He slipped down into the alley and out into the crowd.

In about twenty minutes—ages to the girl—he again scrambled up beside her.

"I did what there was to do—told them the life had gone out. He never knew what struck him. It's undertaker's work now. This has been miserable enough for you. Let me help you down and to the house." As she did not speak he looked at her. She laughed and held out her hand.

"Will you speak to me—now that I ask you to? You are the nicest man—I know." She took his hand and climbed down, he after her.

"Wait," he commanded, swinging down before her. "I shall lift you down." She was just in easy reach of his arms. "And another thing—I want you to kiss me!"

His masterfulness took her breath.

"Why should I?" she laughed at last.

"It's improper reason enough for a western girl!" he teased.

"Impertinent and won't stand," she decided. "Another reason."

"Well, Elizabeth—do it—because you want to."

He held out his arms, and she could not find it in her heart to deny him.

A Neighborly Hint.

"No," said Eben Slocum, "we aren't much given to surprise parties or combination gifts here in Cedarville, but once in awhile we do band together when we see real need. For instance, we gave Lem Fowle a load o' good shingles last spring, seven or eight of us neighbors did."

"How did that happen?" asked the summer resident.

"It happened after more or less talk about the way Lem's roof looked," said Mr. Slocum, "and considerable feeling about the way that boy o' his cut up in school and in church.

"We sent the load with a kind of an explanatory note to Lem, and he took the shingles and made good use of 'em both ways."

"Both ways?" echoed the listener.

"Why, yes," and Mr. Slocum looked rather tired at such an exhibition of dullness. "We wrote him that we calculated by the way his roof leaked and his boy acted that he was out o' shingles and couldn't afford to buy any. I should think 'twas plain enough. 'Twas to Lem, anyway."—Youth's Companion.

Glass Pavements.

In Lyons, France, pavements made of glass have been in use for some time. They are constructed of ceramo-crystal, ceramic stone or devitrified glass and are laid in the form of blocks eight inches square, each block containing sixteen parts in the shape of checkers. It is said that these blocks are so closely fitted together that water cannot pass between them. The whole pavement presents the odd effect of a huge checkerboard. The special advantages claimed for this style of pavement are that it has greater resistance than stone, that it is a poor conductor of cold, ice accordingly not forming readily upon it, and finally that it is more durable than stone and much cheaper, besides affording no places for the lodgment of microbes.—New York Tribune.

The Mouse In the Clock

It Possessed Important Information For General Washington at Morristown

By JAMES T. BARTON

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Among the curiosities of the Revolutionary war is the headquarters of General Washington near Morristown, N. J. One morning during his occupancy of the premises Lieutenant Edwin Goddard entered the hall when the door of the private office opened and Captain Alexander Hamilton, aid-de-camp to the commander in chief, came out.

"Is the general in his office?" asked Goddard.

"Yes."

"Busy?"

"Always busy."

"Do you think he will receive me?"

"Go in and he will let you know what to expect."

The lieutenant knocked, and the sonorous voice from within called upon him to enter. As he did so the general turned, his face showing a seriousness to be expected in one who was endeavoring to relieve the sufferings of his troops at Valley Forge and elsewhere, but was unable to do so. He was always dignified, and his subordinate approached him with deference.

"General," said Goddard, handing him a letter, "I received this last night from Elizabethtown. It is from Mistress Ruth Grosvenor. Will your excellency be pleased to read it?"

The general took the note, unfolded it and read the few words it contained.

"Mistress Ruth Grosvenor presents her compliments to Lieutenant Edwin Goddard and begs that he will favor her with a visit at his earliest opportunity."

The general's brows lowered. "I presume," he said coldly, "that you desire a leave to make this visit. I am astonished, sir, that you should be on such friendly terms with those whom I know to be arrant Tories."

"That her father is a Tory I will not deny, general, but Mistress Ruth Goddard is an ardent patriot."

"Has she any object in meeting you that concerns our cause?"

"I think she has, general. Before this she has given me information that I have transmitted to your excellency anonymously. Yet I am not sure that this is now her object. I confess to you, general, that I am a suitor for her hand. Furthermore, the officer in command of the British troops in the vicinity of Elizabethtown is also a suitor for her hand, and her father desires that she shall accept him."

All the world loves a lover, and the stern expression on Washington's face faded for a gentler one.

"You propose to go to Elizabethtown in citizen's dress?" he asked.

"I do."

"It may be excusable for risking the life of one of my officers attempting

"LEAVE ME," SHE SAID.

to gain information of the enemy, but not that he may visit the lady of his love."

"Then let us assume, general, that Mistress Goddard has information for me."

The general thought a moment, then said, "Go to Captain Hamilton and tell him to grant you a leave of absence and furnish you with the necessary pass."

With this the general turned to his desk, loaded with requests—not to say pleadings—from many quarters, begging for food, clothing, ammunition, medicines—indeed, just those articles which he was the least able to supply.

That same evening a young man in the clothing of a farmer, a basket on his arm, entered the grounds surrounding the Grosvenor home at Elizabethtown and rapped with the brass knocker. A negro woman opened the door, and the young man asked her to say to Mistress Ruth that Abel Barton, a farmer, had come to ask if he might sell her some eggs and poultry. This brought Ruth, who suspected the farmer to be Lieutenant Goddard. Though she recognized him at once, she did not betray the fact before the negress. She inquired the price of his wares and, arguing with him till the woman had withdrawn, then beckoned him into the living room. Once there, she closed the door and said hurriedly:

"Fortunately father has gone to a secret conclave of Tories. Mother is upstairs with the children, though she is on my side, so far as you are concerned, and there is no danger from her. Major Tarrant, who is still devoted to me, has given me some important information regarding the number and distribution of British troops in New Jersey. I have taken notes of what he has told me in different conversations I have had with him, and you will find them on this bit of paper."

She placed it in his hand, and he had only time to put it under the lining of his hat when there was a rap on the outer door.

"Great heavens!" cried the girl, turning pale. "Suppose it should be Major Tarrant!"

Casting about for a hiding place, she noticed the clock standing by the wall. Running to it, she opened the door, exposing its weights and the pendulum swinging back and forth. Goddard knew intuitively what she wished him to do and with difficulty squeezed himself into it. Fortunately he was slenderly made, for the clock, though long, was narrow. Ruth had no sooner closed the clock than the door of the room was opened by the negro servant and Major Tarrant entered.

"Why, Mistress Grosvenor!" he exclaimed, "Where has that becoming color of yours gone? And you are breathing as though you had been running a race."

She made a plea of indisposition to account for her appearance and invited the major to be seated.

"I have today received orders from General Howe," he said, "to march my command to Trenton. I have come for the last time before my departure to ask you if you cannot give me a favorable answer to my suit. You know that I love you and that when this cursed rebellion is over I would gladly take you back to England with me as my wife. Come, Ruth, be kind to me."

He attempted to take her hand, but she drew it away.

Goddard, almost smothered in the clock, was forced to listen to this avowal, though it troubled him to be an eavesdropper. Indeed, cramped as he was and irritated at being placed in such a position, he could not restrain a movement. This swung a weight against the side of the clock.

The major turned and looked at the clock in surprise. Ruth by a great effort retained her equanimity.

"Those horrid mice!" she exclaimed. "They are all over the house. They have gnawed a hole in the bottom of the clock and are making a home there."

"I see the clock has stopped," the major remarked thoughtfully.

"That is because I don't dare to wind it. I confess I have a woman's dread of a mouse."

Fortunately major Tarrant was too intent on his suit to take an interest in the clock, and Ruth was relieved when he repeated his request to give him an answer, and a favorable one, to his suit. For an hour young Goddard was obliged to maintain a constrained position, listening to the officer's pleading. At times it seemed to him impossible to repress another movement. But both the weights and the pendulum being loose. He remembered how Ruth had saved him on his first movement and dreaded that she might not be able to do so again. On his person were the memoranda in Ruth's handwriting. If he were caught with these he would swing from the end of a rope and no one could tell what punishment would be meted out to the girl who had given him the information.

But maintaining one position for a long while is well nigh impossible for any person, and Goddard was of a nervous temperament. Tired of bearing his weight on his right foot, he attempted to change it to his left. In doing so he joggled the pendulum.

"There is certainly something wrong with that clock," said the major. "I'm going to see what it is."

Ruth, considering her lover lost, fell in a swoon. It was the best thing she could have done. Tarrant forgot the clock in her. Lifting her, he placed her on a sofa and ran out of the room for water to sprinkle in her face. Goddard, hearing the commotion, opened the clock door, looked out, saw his sweetheart lying unconscious and was about to free himself from his prison to go to her when he heard footsteps and, closing the door, remained where he was. Tarrant returned and sprinkled water in Ruth's face. But she had revived immediately and did not need it. Nevertheless she remained immovable, with closed lids, till she had made up her mind what to do.

"Leave me," she said to Tarrant when she opened her eyes. "I should have been in bed this evening. Call the servant, then go away at once. Come tomorrow and I will give you my answer. If I am able to see you I will give it verbally; if not I will write it."

"But this illness!" Tarrant exclaimed anxiously.

"'Tis nothing; merely a weak heart. I think that by tomorrow morning I shall be as well as ever."

The major left her with hope beating high in his heart.

The next afternoon a farmer called at Washington's headquarters and asked to see the general. Captain Hamilton was sent to see what he wanted. Recognizing Goddard, he took him into Washington's office, and the farmer gave him the memoranda he had brought with him.

"This is very important!" exclaimed the general, becoming absorbed in the paper; but, presently looking up, he added, "Captain Hamilton, see that Lieutenant Goddard receives a commission as captain."

Major Tarrant's answer was "No," for Ruth Grosvenor had been married at midnight by a patriot dominie to Edwin Goddard before he stole away to Morristown.

State.

Governor—John K. Tener.
State Treasurer—John G. Sheets.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young
Secy of Internal Affairs—Henry House.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Beaton Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwinsville.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—E. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. R. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Stanley, Smethport.
Recorder—A. L. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. E. Latham, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders, Clermont; A. B. Cory, Curryville.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. H. Biever, Secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, O. H. Denning, F. L. Shaburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sass.
Justices—H. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Eaddeld, John Clark.
Collector—H. C. Gleason.
Assessor—U. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. H. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge No. 353, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., in Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 353, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatry degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. HAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGaverh, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:15 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 4 p. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport. Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. P. Duggin, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

UNDERTAKING
— AND —
EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

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SMETHPORT, PA.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

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Sheridan Gorton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

GALLUP & SHATTUCK.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

V. B. BOUTON
ATTY.-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. MAYO & SON.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Office in Grange Bank Building, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, Notary Public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - - Penna
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opposite Court-House.
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 2 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Leimbler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 2 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

J. V. McALPIN,
Dentist
HOURS { 8:30 to 12 / 1:30 to 5
Odd Fellows' Building
SMETHPORT, - - PA.

HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Props
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been furnished and refurnished. The table always constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is second to none in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. J. Vanblad
Practical Horseshoer.
We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of
HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING
in a satisfactory manner.

INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident
—WRITTEN BY—
W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.
In good reliable companies

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PATENTS
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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
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McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Treasurer.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

H. W. RUBIN.

Smethport, Pa., July 11, 1911.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

C. C. MELVIN, 2d.

Bradford, Pa., June 30, 1911.

County Commissioner.

Custer City, Bradford Township, July 5, 1911:—Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for county commissioner on the Republican ticket, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries on September 30.

L. M. SIGGINS.

Editor McKean Miner: Kindly announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters, at the primaries to be held Saturday, Sept. 30, 1911.

A. R. ANDERSON.

Clermont, Pa., July 8th, 1911.

District Attorney.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of district attorney of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held on Sept. 30 next.

THOMAS B. WILSON.

Bradford, Pa., July 1, 1911.

Coroner.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Coroner of McKean county, subject to the decision of Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

E. R. SHERMAN.

Bradford, Pa., July 10, 1911.

Editor Miner: Please announce that I am a candidate for Coroner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republicans at the primaries to be held September 30, 1911.

A. N. HEARD.

Bradford, Pa., July 10, 1911.

Smethport, Thursday, July 20, 1911.

Whether Walter E. Ritter of Williamsport or George W. Guthrie of Pittsburg be the actual chairman of the Democratic state central committee, will be for the courts to determine. Each gentleman was "elected" to that office by a faction of the Pennsylvania Democracy at Harrisburg yesterday.

The regulars chose Ritter at a meeting in the Chestnut street auditorium at which 41 undisputed votes were cast. The election of Guthrie was accomplished at a meeting of the re-organization branch of the party in the Board of Trade building, when 56 persons answered to the roll. Thus although the most liberal construction of the party rules gives a total of but 84 members of the state central committee, the two meetings aggregated 97 votes. Each side charges the other with having padded its rolls and the matter will probably be carried into the courts for adjustment.

The New York "World" renews the oft-made proposition that men dress in shirtwaists in hot weather. It contends that the shirtwaist can be worn with propriety anywhere—at church, in dining rooms, on the street, anywhere that men have any occasion to be for any purpose whatsoever. The propriety of the shirtwaist is beyond dispute. But men are too timid to insist upon their right to wear it. A dozen or more years ago an attempt to popularize it failed at the first opposition. A hotel proprietor or two objected to the presence in their dining rooms of men who, wearing shirtwaists, were said to be "clothed improperly." A couple of preachers made the same objection. The shirtwaist immediately fell into disfavor, and it has never been revived except for street or business wear.

Women would have paid no attention to the objections of a hotel man and preachers. They would have continued to wear the shirtwaists. As a matter of fact, the shirtwaists for men were and are more unobjectionable to the prudish than those that are worn by women, for they are not cut low fore and aft and the sleeves come below the elbows. If men had had the courage and the nerve to insist that their clothing was as proper and as modest and as unobjectionable as that of the women they would have won their right to enter dining rooms and churches and theatres and any other public place in the common sense raiment. If they had had the courage to notify the objectors that they would remain away from hotels and churches until the embargo was lifted they would have won the fight easily, truthfully remarks the Bradford Era.

Charles C. Melvin, II, of Bradford announces his candidacy for the office of county treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held Saturday, September 30, next. In speaking of the candidacy of this excellent young man the Bradford Star-Record truthfully says: Mr. Melvin has been a life-long resident of this city. He is a member of a family that were among the first settlers of McKean county, away back in the early years of the nineteenth century, and his forefathers were of the sturdy kind who cleared away forests to make farms and who have from the first to the last of them been good, honorable, highly respected men. Charles C. Melvin, II, needs no words of commendation in Bradford. Here he is known everywhere as a young man of sterling qualities. He has the ability to properly conduct the affairs of the county treasurer's office. He is familiar with taxes and taxation because, for years past, he has been county collector in the City of Bradford. Mr. Melvin will make a work he will do himself; he has many loyal friends who will work early and late for him and he must be considered in the running from the word "go" until the race is completed.

We understand that A. M. Marsh is explaining The Miner's opposition to his re-nomination and re-election to the office of county commissioner by saying that the editor of this paper is disgruntled and a lot of rot of that sort, because we did not get the lion's share of the county printing. Such, however, is not the case, in fact The Miner is opposed to Mr. Marsh's candidacy because it is loyal to the Republican party and wants to see the party make a clean sweep this fall. This the Republican party cannot hope to do with such men as Marsh on the ticket. We must have honest, truthful and able men on the ticket or go down to defeat this fall. In these requirements Mr. Marsh falls short for he has deliberately told falsehoods to the editor of this paper as well as to many others during his incumbency in the office of county commissioner. And if he has forgotten all the instances when he lacked these qualifications, we will site him to his position in the selection of county physician, just to refresh his memory. Not that we object to the present appointee, but we do object to the methods adopted in this procedure. Mr. Marsh has either been guilty of telling deliberate falsehoods to many citizens of this county or he is very weak mentally and in either case he is not the man the honest people of this county want to handle the affairs of the commissioners' office.

BARNUM CIRCUS AT OLEAN.

World's Best Show to Exhibit There on Tuesday, August 1.

The people of Smethport and vicinity are to be given an opportunity of seeing the Barnum and Bailey Greatest Show on Earth which will give two performances in Olean on Tuesday, Aug. 1.

Many wonderful features new to American circus-goers are promised. A company of 400 of the world's most prominent circus talent, principally European, will present an array of novelties; there will be an elaborate forenoon parade and a new menagerie. In the menagerie among many other wonders is to be found Baby Bumbeeno, the only giraffe ever born in America. It is just one year old.

Among the more sensational numbers on the long bill are John Ducander's company of bell-ringing horses from England; the Fonelli company of Italian acrobats, the Siebatsgrist-Silbon family of German aerialists, Jupiter the balloon horse, Charles the First, a chimpanzee bicycle rider and roller skater, the great Georgetty family of French jugglers, the Les Deko and Les Silvas family of French equilibrists, Noonan's brass band of elephants, Capt. Winston's troupe of riding and juggling seals and sealions, Bergae's company of mule and pony actors, Nederweld's dog and monkey circus, Victoria Codona, the world's greatest wire dancer and the fifty funniest clowns in the world.

The Barnum and Bailey circus is now at the zenith of success. It travels on a train more than a mile in length. It employes 1,250 people and and has 700 horses. In the menagerie are forty elephants and over 1,000 other strange animals. The show carries its own dynamos illuminating the twenty tents and the show grounds with 4,000 incandescent lamps, arc lights, search lights and beacons.

The railroads will made special arrangements to convey visitors from outlying towns to Olean on show day.

Subscribe for The Miner.

PERSONAL MENTION

V. B. Bouton was a Bradford visitor Saturday.

Miss Leona Hogarth was a Bradford visitor last Saturday.

Ray Day is the guest of Buffalo and Jamestown, N. Y., friends.

Elisha K. Kane of Kushequa was a visitor in town yesterday.

Editor S. R. Lindsley left Tuesday on a business mission to Harrisburg.

Miss Ella Young of Buffalo is the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. D. Young.

Elder Murry and wife of Emporium are visiting friends in Farmers Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett motored to Smethport yesterday.

S. A. Moorehouse and F. F. Riggall of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, are visitors in town.

Miss Mabel Shattuck of Linesville is the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. L. Backus.

Mrs. J. D. Irons and son, Lester, left on Wednesday for Tioga, Pa., to visit her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCarthy and children of Pittsburgh are the guests of relatives in town.

Mrs. A. A. Abbey returned home Friday from a week's visit with friends in Port Allegany.

Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Ostrander were called to Shinglehouse on Sunday on account of the death of a relative.

Mrs. S. C. Townsend and daughter, Mrs. T. B. Cox, Jr., left for their home in Lancaster, Ohio, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Saulpaugh, Mrs. T. H. Hungiville and daughter, Margaret, were Bradford visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Eastman and two children returned home Saturday from a two weeks' visit at Jamestown, N. Y.

Mrs. S. H. Cleveland and daughters, Sadie and Irma, of Andover, N. Y., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Digel.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Shattuck and son left Friday for the Adirondack mountains where they will sojourn for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Phillips of Linesville were guests of their neice, Mrs. H. L. Backus, the forepart of the week.

Miss Anna Haley returned to her home in DeGolia yesterday after a few days' visit with relatives and friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Todd and daughters, Margaret and Lucile, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, are visiting friends in town.

Hamlin and Charlotte Bosworth of Brooklyn, N. Y., are visiting at the home of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamlin.

Miss Violet Campbell returned home Monday from Perry, N. Y., where she had been the guest of her sister for some time.

Mrs. James McGuire left Tuesday for Youngstown, Ohio, where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. John Ruffalo, for a month or six weeks.

E. A. Hamilton, J. C. Witt, Claude Lyons, William Colegrove and Frank Elwood attended the motor cycle races in Buffalo last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Burdick left Tuesday for Sheldon Hall, on Chautauqua Lake, where they will spend a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Charles Hartmeyer, who has been visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity, returned to her home in Buffalo last week, accompanied by her sister, Miss Nettie Duntley.

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. McGavern and sons, Harrison and Charles, left Wednesday for a three weeks' visit with relatives and friends in Groveland, N. Y.

Mrs. F. J. Shattuck and daughter, Grace, of Linesville, who have been the guests of the former's daughter, Mrs. H. L. Backus, left Saturday for a visit with relatives in Whitesville, N. Y.

WILBUR M. QUIMBY DEAD.

Respected Resident of Coudersport Passes Away Early Tuesday Morning.

The entire community was shocked early Thursday morning to learn that Wilbur Quimby was dead. Although Mr. Quimby has been feeling rather poorly for a couple of weeks he had much improved under the care of his physician and on Monday evening was feeling much better than usual. He attended the celebration on the Fourth and had been able to be out the balance of the week. On Tuesday morning Mrs. Quimby arose about 4 o'clock in order to do some ironing in the cool of the morning. She talked with her husband and noticed nothing in his actions or talk that was alarming. Shortly before 6 o'clock she went to his room and found him in an unconscious condition. Dr. Ashcraft was summoned as quickly as possible and although his pulse still continued he was beyond help and soon breathed his last.

The funeral was held from his late home at 10:30 yesterday morning, the Rev. John F. Leffler of Park M. E. church officiating, with interment at Eulalia cemetery.

Wilbur Mead Quimby was born in the town of Borden, Steuben county, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1852. He came with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi S. Quimby, to Potter county in 1865 and has ever since made his home here. In 1884, on May 12, he was married to Miss Mary Glavin of Smethport.

Mr. Quimby's occupation has for several years been that of sawfiler and he has worked in several of the large mills of the country. He came to Coudersport several years ago and took up his abode on Carter street, where he has since resided. For the past three years he has been employed as filer in the Diffenbacker mills and only gave up that position about two weeks ago.

Besides his faithful wife, he is survived by one brother, A. J. Quimby, and two sisters, Mrs. Alice Glaspy and Mrs. W. H. Crosby, all of Inez, and also a half brother, Homer Quimby of Inez, and a half-sister, Mrs. H. M. Vredenberg, of this city. He was a man of unquestioned integrity and character and was always a kind and accomodating friend to all who knew him. He was prominent in Masonic circles, and was a respected member of Eulalia Lodge, No. 342, F. & A. M., Coudersport Chapter, No. 263, R. A. M., Potter Commandry, No. 96, K. T., and Coudersport Consistory, A. A. S. R. The burial was conducted by the Coudersport Blue Lodge, under escort of the Knights Templar.—Potter Democrat.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending July 15th, 1911:

Swanson, Mr. J. A.
Shero, Mrs. W. F. (2)

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Millinery for Spring.

My Millinery display for Spring is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headgear, call on

Mar.23-tf CARRIE CLARK

Probably.

"But," pouted Mrs. Stayathome, "if you never go out with me how are people to know that I am married?"

"Well, if you take the baby with you," replied Stayathome, carelessly, "they may suspect it."

IT WAS FAR BEYOND OUR EXPECTATIONS——OUR SALVAGE SALE.

If we were to tell you the number of people we waited upon, or the amount of goods we disposed of last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, you might say we were boasting. But we may fifty sales people to wait on the trade and then had to close our doors to keep the people out, so we could straighten up our stock. This speaks for itself. Every customer was so well pleased with their purchases that they told some one else, so instead of our business falling off after the first day, it kept increasing from day to day until it was impossible to take care of every one who desired to take advantage of our wonderful bargains. We are now better equipped to handle our customers, and we will be able to wait on you in the proper manner. We have put on sale a great many suits, overcoats and raincoats that are damaged. Some with the linings burned, others that were wet, etc. These goods can be easily repaired so they will be just as good as new, and they will be sold at such low prices that we feel we are almost giving them away. People that work will find these goods just what they want for working clothes. Our store will be open evenings, to accomodate those that can't come during the day. I remain, very respectfully,

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House

52-54 Main Street

Bradford, Pa.

H. W. RUBIN

John B. Stetson Soft and Stiff Hats $3.50 to $5.00 at H. W. RUBIN'S

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

THE LAST THAT LASTS.

That's just to catch your eye. As a matter of fact the shoes we sell to men are made over lasts that are not only stylish, but afford a whole lot of comfort as well. If you are of the unbelieving kind, the one thing we ask—the only thing we ask—is a "try on" of our Just Wright shoes for Summer wear.

ANDERSON & CARLSON,

The Shoe Men,

Smethport, Pa.

PHONE 7 BROWNELL'S PHONE 7

We have just received a fresh shipment of Faxon, Williams & Faxon's cookies. Come in and try them. Once Faxons' goods, always Faxon's goods.

From now on, throughout the summmer and early fall we will have fresh green goods. Take a look at them and be convinced.

F. W. BROWNELL

You get Better Values Here

AUTOMOBILE TIRE REPAIRING

in all its branches, done on short notice and at reasonable prices. (All work guaranteed)

Smethport Inner Tubes

are guaranteed to give satisfaction, SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

——Write us for Prices——

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,

SMETHPORT, PA.

THIRD WEEK OF OUR GREAT JULY CLEARANCE SALE

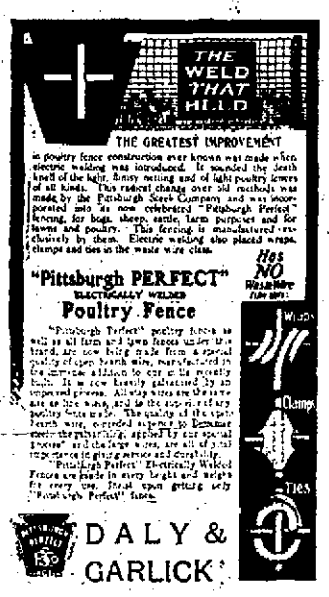
BARGAINS THAT BREAK ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS--------SWEEPING REDUCTIONS
EXTRAORDINARY VALUES ARE IN EVERY DEPARTMENT SPECIALS FOR FRIDAY and SATURDAY
LADIES' and CHILDRENS' OXFORDS DRESS GOODS and LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

Open every evening until 8 o'clock
Saturdays until 10 P. M.

AT
DALY & GARLICK'S

BUY A GOOD FENCE



THE WELD THAT HELD

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
TWO DAY EXCURSION
$2.25 TO BUFFALO
AND RETURN
$2.50 TO NIAGARA FALLS
AND RETURN
FROM SMETHPORT JULY 25, 1911

Tickets good going only on train leaving 9:22 A. M. Good returning on all regular trains leaving Niagara Falls and Buffalo, July 25 or 26. Baggage will not be checked on these tickets. Tickets will not be accepted for passage in Pullman Parlor or Sleeping Cars.
Children between 5 and 12 years of age, half fare.

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 20, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Read the new advertisement of The Lindholm Co., Inc.

—Daly & Garlick have an interesting new advertisement this week.

—Mrs. J. S. Walker entertained a number of friends Monday afternoon.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Cory of Coryville on Sunday, July 16, 1911, a son.

—Mrs. Melville Gilleti, who has been ill for some time past, is improving slowly.

—The laying of the new six-inch water line on the Brooklyn side is about completed.

—Mrs. Edna Saulpaugh and Miss Bess Quinlisk entertain at "The Nook" this evening.

—Miss May Choate entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on King street yesterday afternoon.

—The sixth annual reunion of the Stark family will be held at the Coryville park, Coryville, Pa., on Wednesday, August 2, 1911.

—Last Friday the Smethport baseball team journeyed to Eldred and ok the team of that place into camp a score of 9 to 2.

—An ice cream social was given at mers Valley last Saturday evening the benefit of the Union church over $16 was realized.

Mrs. Fred W. Backus is seriously the home of Mrs. Mary A. Back-

At this time we are pleased to e that she is improving steadily.

The Rev. A. S. M. Hopkins will fuct the services in the Methodist iscopal church next Sunday morn-. There will be no evening serv-

—In another column in this issue ill be found an advertisement telling a recipe book for sale for the benefit of the Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis League.

—The tennis court in the rear of the office of John Forrest on Main street has been placed in first-class condition and some good games are being played there.

—Charles McGowan, who had his ankle injured in a baseball game at Coudersport on the Fourth, as was noted in The Miner of the 6th, is now able to be about by the aid of crutches.

—It is reported that two cases of infantile paralysis have developed on the north side. A little child named Jackson and another named Ross are said to be suffering with this terrible disease.

—The cold wave that struck this section on Monday nearly offsets the hot wave just ended. Tuesday morning frost was reported in several places in this section but it was not severe enough to do any damage to growing crops.

—Walter Brenneman has purchased the large seven-passenger White steamer which belonged to Orlo J. Hamlin and has put the car in the livery business. He is now ready to carry passengers at any time as will be seen by a notice elsewhere.

—George Brennan met with quite a serious accident last Thursday evening. He attempted to crank M. J. Gallup's automobile and got a "back-kick" which tore loose the ligaments in his right arm in such a manner that he will be laid up for some time.

—A special meeting of the fire department will be held this evening at eight o'clock. All members urgently requested to be present. The fire fighters need a new fire alarm and hook and ladder cart and other equipment. These matters will be considered at this meeting.

—We have received a complaint about certain men procuring liquor at some of our hotels on Sundays, but as the complaint was not signed we do not take it very seriously. However if any of our hotel proprietors are violating the Sunday laws they should take warning.

—Monday afternoon a horse belonging to Earl Gallup, one of the Rural mail carriers in this place, became sick and was taken to Palmer's livery for treatment. Tuesday forenoon the animal seemed to be better and was led out for exercise when it fell dead only a few rods from the barn.

—Warren borough is negotiating to buy its water plant, and a committee who went to Pittsburgh last week have returned and action will be taken at once. An option is now held by the borough on the holdings of the company and the transfer in ownership will be made for the appraised value, which is $371,882.28.

—Albert Miller of Olean has accepted a position in J. Colegrove's grocery store, vice Ben Young, resigned. Mr. Young, who has been a faithful and accomodating clerk with this firm for several years, leaves in a few days for a trip to the West with a view of locating there.

—Mrs. Emma Miles was found dead in her room in Leary's restaurant at Galeton Friday morning. She had been married about six months, and about six weeks ago she left her husband and with George Knapp and some similar Port Allegany characters had been furnishing considerable news for the Port Allegany papers.

—Charles Hickman, who was to have been hanged at Beaver, Pa., on Tuesday, for the murder of his wife, Mollie, in February, 1910, collapsed during Monday night and died Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock. Hickman escaped from jail twice after his conviction and Saturday night last attempted to take his life by inhaling gas. He repeatedly told the guards he would never live to be hanged.

—The Hoassman Sextette of Chicago will render a sacred concert at the Baptist church, Wednesday evening, July 26, at 8 o'clock. Rev. A. T. Frykman of Jamestown, N. Y., will deliver a short lecture during the evening. The lecture and part of the concert will be in the English language. The company come highly recommended and are under the auspices of the Swedish Mission church. Admission 15 and 25 cents.

—The forest fires, which occurred Wednesday on Big Mill creek, says the Ridgway Record, are thought to have been the work of an incendiary as there was fire in two different places quite a distance from each other at the same time. Great damage was prevented simply because Mr. Orr was able to muster a large number of men in very short time and fight the fire. Starting fires is a serious offense, as some people in this county will find out to their cost some day soon if this diabolical work is not stopped.

—A mortgage in the sum of $4,000,000 has been filed in the office of the recorder and recorder by the Shawmut Railroad company and the Allegheny River Coal company, the mortgage being a joint one between the two companies and was made out in favor of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, the transaction being to secure bond issues to be made by the railroad and coal companies, the New York financial company handling the bonds as trustee. Copies of the mortgage were filed in Kittanning, Butler, Brookville and Ridgway.

—Deer are becoming so plentiful in Lycoming county that they are doing great damage to growing crops. One morning at daybreak a farmer living in the Oregon hill section saw what he at first thought was a neighbor's heifer in his wheat field. He had loosened his dog to run him after the marauders when he discerned that the animals were not heifers but deer. They had leaped over the fence and gone to browsing on wheat. These were accompanied by a buck; but the latter kept very close to the fence, and when the farmer whistled an alarm the buck bounded over the fence into the woods and out of sight.

—Last Saturday evening Constable Foote received a hurry-up call to go to the big woods at Norwich, it being reported that a riot was threatened among the foreigners of that place. Accompanied by J. C. Backus and "Doc" Hazen, in the former's automobile, Constable Foote hurried to the scene and found that three Austrians had mixed up and that one of them had nearly had his thumb chewed off by his antagonist. The man who did the chewing was placed under arrest and taken before Justice A. G. McAllister of Colegrove where the case was settled. We fail to give names because they are unspellable.

—Curtiss Farnsworth, a patient at the State Hospital for the Insane at North Warren, Pa., committed suicide shortly before three o'clock Friday afternoon by jumping over a four-foot railing into the machinery pit at the pump station. Attendants allowed the man to enter the station for a drink of water they waiting outside. After quenching his thirst he leaned against the railing for a minute and then dove head first to the cement floor 25 feet below. Another patient stood within a few feet of him but he was lighting his pipe at the time and did not see his fellow patient leap to his death. He was 51 years of age and was committed to the asylum from Bradford, July 1st.

—One of the most unique modes of travel is that indulged in by Thomas Glasco of Kane, and Robert Weaver, until recently of Warren. They left here to-day, says Friday's Warren Mirror, in a house of wheels for Seattle, Wash. The portable house is drawn by a team of tough horses and the gentlemen do their own cooking in the wagon, have sleeping berths and a comfortable living room. Last year Mr. Glasco attempted the trip and after four months' tedious traveling got as far as Granger, Wyo. At that time he had but one horse, the faithful old grey that is one of the team this year, and when he left was accompanied by two other young men. These deserted him before he left Ohio behind and he made the rest of the trip alone. They expect to reach Seattle this time but it will be when the hills of old Pennsylvania are covered with snow.

—State Highway Commissioner E. M. Bigelow will visit this section of the state this summer and inspect the proposed roads which are to become ultimately part of the state highway system. Mr. Bigelow travels in his two-horse-power automobile, and in this way is able to cover a larger territory than would be possible if traveling by train. Actual work on the reconstruction of the roads which are to form parts of the state's system of main highways will be started within the next six or eight weeks, if the present plans of Mr. Bigelow are carried out. The new chief of the road building department will complete the reorganization of his staff within a short time and will hasten a start on operations. "I'm going to build the roads, and I'm going to build them right," says the new Commissioner. "I will have the necessary surveys advanced as rapidly as possible, and within a short time men will be at work on the road building."

FAINTS WHEN HEARS NEWS.

Ottawa Cabinet Heeds Petitions for Condemned Woman.

Sault St. Marie, Mich., July 15.—News that her sentence of death had been commuted to life imprisonment came as a thunder bolt from a clear sky to Mrs. Angelica Napolitano, in jail at Sault St. Marie, Ont., for the murder of her husband, Peter Napolitano, last Easter Sunday. Seated on the edge of the cot in her cell, the woman, resigned to her fate, was sewing clothing for her expected child when the word reached her.

Hearing a tapping on the floor beneath her feet, she placed her ear to a small rivet hole and heard from the lips of a condemned burglar on the floor beneath the joyful tidings that had been called to him through the window of his cell by a passerby.

The message completely unnerved the prisoner and she fainted. Jailer Hearst and the matron quickly revived her.

"I not be hanged! I not be hanged!" she fairly screamed in broken English, as she realized the true worth of the information she had received. Then falling to her knees she grasped the hem of the matron's skirt and kissed it passionately, while tears streamed from her eyes.

SATURDAY
JULY 22ND
IS THE
LAST DAY
OF MONHEIMER'S
1-2 PRICE
SALE OF SUITS
Buy a suit NOW and save from $5.00 to $10.00 on the regular price of a suit.
MONHEIMER'S
THE WORKING MAN'S STORE

Ladies Home Journal Patterns Cluett Shirts

FRY & COMES

REMNANTS

Remnants of every description have been gathered up and priced for a quick clearance on Friday and Saturday this week.

There's a multitude of bargains in short ends and small lots marked at figures about half of usual value.

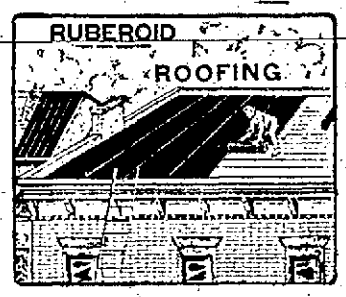
Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Ginghams, Percales, Prints, Galateas, Lawns, Batistes—Wool dress goods, Silks, Trimmings, Linings, etc. Small lots of Hosiery, Neckwear, Corsets, Belts, Gloves, Neckwear, Shirtwaists, Dresses, Mens' Shirts, Neckwear and Collars.

Look them over.—It will pay you well.

FRY & COMES

Smethport - - - - - - Penna.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR SPECHT & SASSE CREDIT CONTRACT

Table of Rates

TOTAL COST OF CONTRACT	ANNUAL INSTALLMENT PAYMENTS	AGE	SURRENDER VALUE
$25 00	$2 50	10 to 20	$12 50
30 00	3 00	20 to 25	15 00
35 00	3 50	25 to 35	17 50
40 00	4 00	35 to 45	20 00
45 00	4 50	45 to 50	22 50
50 00	5 00	50 to 55	25 00
55 00	5 50	55	27 50
60 00	6 00	56	30 00
65 00	6 50	57	32 50
$50.00 CONTRACT			
$12 50	$1 25	1 to 10	$6 25

The Specht & Sasse Credit Contract is worth $100.00 to you after the first annual installment payment, and you have 10 years to pay for it.

We will give you the surrender value for your contract one year after the last payment.

Take for instance, a man 35 years old pays $3.50 per year for ten years, when the contract is fully paid up, and he receives his $100 benefit any time after the first payment is made.

My Vision

A Girl Sees Herself and Fears Her Mind Is Giving Way

By Edna T. Wilcox

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

There is a moment in my life that I can never forget. Can you guess what it is? A death scene? No. A proposal of marriage? No. A terrible accident? No. Well, what is it?

The seeing of my own individual self in duplicate.

I was sitting at a typewriter in an office where I was at the time employed, and, happening to look out into the court, there on the other side of the quadrangle at a window one story beneath me stood my own individual person. The only difference between my other self and me was in the dress. I, sitting at my typewriter, was in plain office costume; I in the other part of the building was richly clad in street dress.

I dropped my work, rose from my seat and, pale and trembling, went to my employer and asked to be excused

"ONE DAY I SAW IT AGAIN."

for the rest of the day. He saw by my appearance that something of moment had happened and at once granted my request. He asked me if I would tell him what had troubled me, and I said:

"Shortly before coming to your employ I suffered a nervous breakdown and passed several months in a sanitarium. I was discharged as perfectly well, but a few moments ago I suffered a relapse."

"How were you affected?" he asked.

"I saw— Oh, don't ask me. I can't tell you what I saw. It was something ordinary, but it was awful."

Now, my employer, Edward Wheeler, had treated me since I came to his service with great consideration. In deed, it seemed to me at times that I was becoming more to him than merely his typewriter. We were in his private office with no one else present, and, seeing that I needed soothing, he spoke to me in a quiet voice, taking my hand in his. The touch rather than the words quieted me. Placing me in an easy chair, he said:

"Tell me more about this matter."

I told him how I had seen myself at an opposite window.

He attempted to reassure me by saying that I had seen another person. I told him that if this was the explanation there would have been some difference between the two, however slight. Was it not more reasonable to suppose, since I had suffered from similar visions before, that this one was the effect of a physical weakness?

He did not assent to this, but refrained from arguing with me, saying that if I desired it he would call a carriage and send me home, but he thought it would be better for me to occupy my mind with my work. If I had had any relative in the world, any home to go to, I would have declined his advice. As it was I accepted it. He recommended my remaining where I was for awhile, and as there was a comfort in having him near me I was glad to do so. He handed me a newspaper, then went on with what work he had before him. I sat there for half an hour, during which persons came and went. Then, feeling better, I returned to my desk and to work.

Mr. Wheeler did not mention this matter to me again for several days; then one morning when standing beside me with some papers he wished me to copy, looking out into the court, he said:

"At which window did you see your double?"

I pointed to the window, but he made no further remark and, turning, went away.

Very gradually my vision, as I called it, ceased to trouble me, or, rather, came more and more rarely into my mind, and when it did I was better able to put it away from me. I had quite recovered when one day I saw it again.

When I say that I met my other self on the street, that my other self passed me, reflecting my own look, and that I was again seized with terror, it must be remembered that I was in an overstrung condition. It is easy for a normal person to say, "Why didn't you go to her and say something?" My answer is that I believed her to be a creation of my own brain, an evidence that I was again suffering from what I feared might result in madness.

I was out at lunch at the time and on my way back to the office. As soon as I reached it I went to Mr. Wheeler and, sinking into a chair, said in an almost inaudible whisper:

"I have seen it again."

This time he gave me a different treatment. Instead of the sympathetic soothing I had received from him before he treated me with severity.

"Nonsense!" he said. "You've seen a real person. You are working yourself up to a frenzy by thinking your brain is in an abnormal condition."

"How could this be when my other self reflected the expression on my own face?"

"The other person was doubtless as much astonished as you."

I declined to be convinced.

"I was in hopes," he added, "that you would not see the person for awhile, for I believe that an explanation is forthcoming. I have only this morning come upon an advertisement which I think bears on the case."

"An advertisement!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. I was debating with myself whether if I should speak to you about it I would throw you into hysterics."

"Hysterics! Why should it?"

"Oh, you are all nervished up and ready to twist anything into evidence that you are losing your mind. Sit down there," pointing to a chair. "I wish to ask you some questions."

I seated myself, wondering what was coming.

"Did your aunt ever tell you anything about your parentage?"

"Not much. I was very sensitive. She died when I was quite young. I know there was something very unpleasant—a family skeleton—and I dreaded to know it."

"You are Edith Webster, and you were called Polly by your father and mother."

"How do you know that?"

"Never mind. Your father and mother were divorced about a year after you were born."

"Is that the skeleton?"

"You were retained by your mother, who died when you were four years old. Do you remember her?"

"No."

"Your aunt took you at your mother's death. Your father disappeared, supposedly to get rid of paying the alimony fixed by the court at the time of the divorce. Your aunt had nothing to leave you; consequently you are earning your living as a typewriter."

"How did you come to know all this?"

"I came to know it from my interest in you. When you told me that you had seen your double I felt sure you had seen some real person who resembled you. You may remember that I asked you at what window you had seen your vision. Well, I went into the office to which that window belongs and made inquiries."

"What did you find out?"

"Not all I wish to know. You are too emotional for me to give you all my confidence just at present. I can only say now that I expect to prove that the person you saw is a woman and not a creation of your brain."

I begged him to tell me more, but he would not, and I was forced to go to work unsatisfied. I consequently blundered all the afternoon. Though I was reassured, one thing troubled me—Mr. Wheeler's severe treatment of me. And yet I felt that it had done more to enable me to shake off my nervousness than when he had sympathized with me. Indeed, he told me afterward that he knew I needed just such treatment.

A few days later Mr. Wheeler came to my desk and told me to come into his private office. At the same time he looked at me with a kindly smile and added:

"I have a surprise for you. You mustn't let it shock you."

Wondering, I went with him. I found in his office a man and a woman.

Great heavens! The woman was my vision.

She came toward me with outstretched arms. I drew back in fright.

"Don't be afraid of me, Polly. I'm Dolly, your twin sister. Father often talked to me about you and said that 'when his ship came in' he would find you for me. He died just as the ship came in, and I have been hunting for you ever since."

She put her arms about me, and my head sank down on her shoulder. She patted me affectionately and said:

"I don't wonder you have been wrought up over seeing me. When we met on the street the other day, although I have been long looking for you, I was so startled that I let you pass. I turned back at once, but had lost you in the crowd. You don't seem as strong as I am, but you won't have to work any more. We're rich. Father left half to you—that is, if you were alive and I could find you. When father and mother separated mother took you and father took me. You have the same rights as I."

As soon as my sister and I withdrew from our embrace I turned to look at Mr. Wheeler. His eyes were bent on me with an expression that went straight to my heart. I put out my hand to him impulsively and returned his glance with one of the same kind.

"Without his interest in the matter I doubt if we would have ever got together," said my sister.

Gradually all the details came out, and I heard how Mr. Wheeler had learned of my sister's presence in the city and had seen her advertisement for me. Dolly and I are both now married. I married my employer. I am in excellent health and have no fear of seeing any more visions.

My experience goes to show the power of the mental faculties over the bodily. I verily believe that had the matter not been brought to a climax I should have been a nervous wreck.

The Mountain Man

Secret of His Solitude Is Solved

By Agnes G. Brogan

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

The three had attracted much attention from the time that they had started out upon their long journey—the beautiful woman with the somber eyes, her golden haired little son, who made his way with confidence into the arms and hearts of passengers alike, and the bright faced girl who devoted herself tirelessly to both mother and child.

"Who is she?" a curious one asked of the boy. "Your governess or mother's companion?" And Bobbie wrinkled his brows thoughtfully.

"Most of the time," he answered, "she is just our friend."

The train slowly wound its way up the mountain slope one sunshiny morning, then stopped at a little settlement, where many passengers alighted to enjoy the view. The beautiful woman gazed listlessly at the glorious panorama spread out before her, while the girl caught Bobbie by the hand.

"Come," she said; "we will gather some wild flowers."

At length the train whistle called shrilly, and the people ran laughing and crowding up the steps. The girl, flushed and breathless, came last. The mask of indifference fell from the woman as she leaned forward.

"Where is Bobbie?" she cried.

"He started back long ago to bring a flower to you."

In a moment all was confusion. Eager helpers searched the cars unavailingly, and the whistle blew a last warning as the girl drew Bobbie's mother hastily into the road.

"We will have to stay over until we find him," she said.

A searching party was instituted at once, while the two women waited all day long at the shack which did duty as a hotel, but as night fell no trace of the missing boy had been found. Many messages were dispatched to

THE MAN RETURNED CARRYING THE BOY.

various places, and in the morning following a night of suspense, a detective arrived from the nearest city.

"The boy's mother is a wealthy woman," he explained to the girl, "and the police suspect that this may be a case of kidnaping."

She listened wide eyed as he sharply questioned the rough men who lounged about the wooden platform. At last one was found who could give a helpful clew. He had seen a yellow haired boy who wore a scarlet cap going far up the lonely trail with "the mountain man."

"Describe him," the detective said quickly. "Where does he live?"

The informant hesitated a moment doubtfully. "He's a queer one," he answered. "Lives away up thar by himself; never speaks to one of us, and no one knows whar he come from or what's his name. That's why we just call him 'the mountain man.' I'll show you his shack," he agreed suddenly, and the men departed.

When the official returned later in the day the girl came forward to meet him.

"The child's mother is too ill to be disturbed at present," she said. "Will you tell me what you have learned?"

"Very little," he replied, "though we found this mysterious 'mountain man.' He was fishing in one of the small streams and was not disposed to talk, answering our questions in monosyllables. When we told him that the boy had been seen in his company yesterday he coolly gave us permission to search his cabin home. We have done so."

"And you found?" she asked breathlessly.

Fumbling in an inner pocket, he drew forth a tiny crumpled shoe and laid it in her palm.

"Only this," he replied.

"Why, it is too small!" the girl cried wonderingly. "This is a baby's shoe."

She stood thoughtfully regarding the little bent shoe.

"I should like to talk to this strange man," she said at length. "Please, will you take me to him?"

He looked up in surprise. "I am afraid it would be useless, and the fellow is not very civil."

"Still, I should like to go," she insisted.

So he led her up and up the steep mountain path, pausing at last in an isolated spot, where a log cabin was almost buried from sight among the tall trees which surrounded it. The door stood open, and, motioning the official to wait outside, she entered unannounced. A man at the farther end of the room looked up startled at her appearance. His dark eyes shone out weirdly from a white haggard face, and his short laugh was not pleasant to hear.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "The mother."

The girl did not reply to this, but, coming forward, placed the baby's shoe upon the table between them.

"I have brought this back to you," she said quietly, "and I have a reason for asking how it came to be found here."

"This shoe was worn by my boy. How old was he? Two, or three perhaps, and yet—a manly little fellow. We had a pretty big estate back there, and he delighted in following me about, loved to ride upon a horse's back when I would hold him, or, better still, to sit before me on the saddle as we cantered wildly about the fields. These rides were a source of torture to his mother, and I would laugh at her fears as she stood, tense and white, waiting to have him safe in her arms again.

"We promised to give them up for her sake, but the boy coaxed very prettily one day for—'just one more ride,' and I yielded, vowing that this would be the last time." The man gazed unseeing through the doorway. "It was the last time," he continued huskily. "I shall never know how it happened—the little body slipped suddenly from my grasp and lay motionless upon the ground. When I stooped blindly to raise him in my arms the mother was there before me, and at the accusing light in her eyes I drew back afraid. She bore him tenderly into the house, and when I would have gone to her she repulsed me bitterly. All night long I waited outside my boy's door as the physician watched at his bedside.

"How is he?" I asked at dawn, and the old doctor shook his head gravely and clasped my hand in sympathy. Later a note was handed me. I read it over now when the longing to go to her becomes unbearable.

"'You have killed my child,' she wrote, 'and I will never willingly see your face again.'

"So I lost them both. It did not take very long to arrange my affairs, to make sure that her future would at least be provided for. Then I came away, traveling abroad a greater part of the time, trying to forget, or spending the summer months in this silent place, where I write my books and further my experiments undisturbed. I did not realize my depth of loneliness until I met that little lad of yours and sought to keep him at my side. A host of memories came thronging back at the sound of his voice. I showed him my collection of golden butterflies. A strange madness seized me—I could not let him go."

He had been talking excitedly. Now he arose, and his tone was calm. "The child has been content, waiting for mother to call for him. He is asleep down there in the little shack that I use for experiments. I will bring him to you."

He laughed again harshly as he turned toward the door. "I shall be under arrest, no doubt. Concealing a child for two days will be rather a difficult matter to explain."

The girl put forth her hand impulsively, looking up with tear bright eyes. "Bring the child," she said, "and leave the rest to me."

The detective's face expressed amazement as the man returned carrying the boy. Bobbie greeted the girl joyously, but his little arms did not loosen their hold.

"It is all right," the girl said, facing the official. "This man is the boy's father. He has been spending some time here in order to pursue a certain course of study, though we did not expect to find him at this exact spot. The child is quite safe in his care, you see, and I will return with you presently to end his mother's suspense."

The detective hesitated and then quietly withdrew, and the girl laughed unsteadily as "the mountain man's" eager, questioning eyes met hers.

"It is all true," she said gently. "Your child lived, and that cruel note was written when the worst was feared, written in a moment of despair. Since then Elizabeth has been breaking her heart in bitter repentance. As she told her sad story I secretly determined to find you. This seemed a discouraging task; but, hearing that you had been located in these mountains, I persuaded Elizabeth to take this trip under pretense of benefiting her health, hoping desperately the while that some fortunate chance might lead us to your hiding place."

She turned to go, then looked back. Her eyes shone. "I could not foresee Bobbie's part in the plan," she said, "but my purpose has been accomplished."

The waiting detective lingered a moment more undecidedly, then slowly followed her flying figure as she sped down the narrow path. And a very short time later, as the father still sat holding his golden haired lad, the crude door was thrust open to admit a beautiful woman, whose eyes were somber no longer, but brilliant with joy.

"Philip," she cried, and in an instant he was at her side.

"Elizabeth," his voice entreated, "can you forgive?"

"It is I who beg forgiveness," she said brokenly, "for having left you to suffer alone so long."

And the girl who was "the most of the time their friend" had a confused vision of mother, father and child all folded together in a close embrace as she closed the door softly and stepped out into the early night.

A BLIGHT

A Story of a Negro Whom a Hant Always Attended

By F. A. MITCHEL

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The year 1860 marked the acme of plantation life in the south, a life which only persons now quite old have lived. There were two sides to slavery—the one as represented by the kind master, the other by the man who considered his slave as a mere piece of property. Naturally the families of the more refined class of planters formed a society of their own, and it was among these especially that instances of fidelity and attachment occurred. Born to be ruled and taken care of by their masters as a child is brought up by its parents, many of these negroes, after the war had set them free, clung to their former owners and the old plantation homes. It was there that the negro worked by day in the cotton field and in the evening sang those melodies, a product of the period, expressing a condition that died with the advent of emancipation. The relations between master and slave have passed away with the system, and the following incident, told me a few years after the close of the war which abolished that system, could not possibly occur today:

After the surrender at Appomattox I had occasion to travel through a portion of the south. In Tennessee I found a plantation to which a large number of the negroes who had lived on it as slaves adhered as freed men. Their master, quite an old man now, paid them wages, which they had not as yet learned to handle for themselves. Interested to know how they liked the change, I approached a darky about thirty years old, who was sawing wood, and I questioned him.

"Do you darkies like the way you live better than when you were slaves?"

"Some ob 'em 'pears to like it, if they like to wo'k. Them that don't like to wo'k don't like it so well as befo', 'cause if dey don't wo'k dey don't git nuttin' to eat."

"How do you feel about it?"

"Ma case air quar. I hain't got no feelin's about it. Dere's a hant what' goes around with me—not a real hant rolled up in a sheet, but a hant ob de feelin's. I don't take no interest in anything. I'm a kind ob a dead nigger."

He had stopped in his wood sawing and looked out over the landscape with a sorrowful gaze. I wanted feeling that he had a story to tell and he would tell it without urging. I was not disappointed.

"I was born," he continued, "on de same day as Missy Delia, an' her mammy was my mother. Consekence was dat when we two chillen was little we was togedder all de time. I hear'n people say when we was three or fou' years old, goin' roun' with ou' a'ms roun' each udder how quar my black face looked alongside her white one, fo' her skin war white an' pink an' her hair war like yaller silk.

"When Missy Delia growed older she couldn't do nuff fo' me an' I war jist ready to give up de ghos' fo' her any time. Ef she wanted anything done all she had to do war to say 'Julius, you do dat fo' me, won't yo' please?' Lawd, what de use ob speakin' dat way to a nigger? I done it mighty quick, an' I wanted to keep on doin' things lak dat fo' her all de time I couldn't git nuff o' 'em to do.

"Den Cunnel St. Clair's son, Harry, come along, an' I saw right quick dat he an' Missy Delia war lubbers. He war a fine lookin young man—Mars' Harry war—tall an straight, with black curly ha'r, an' right' dif fe'nt from Missy Delia, who looked lak a peach. When his fathe gwine die he hab a big plantation an' a thousand niggers. It was all settled dat Missy Delia gwine to marry him when de wah broke out.

"Co'se Mars Harry he gwine to de wah lak de udder young gen'lemen. He go with de cavalry as cap'n. Do yo' see dat gallery up dah front ob de plantation house? Well, it war right dar dat Missy Delia says to me, 'Julius, will yo' do somep'n fo' me?' An I says, 'Missy Delia, fo' yo', I go right down to de ribber an' drown maself.' An' she says: 'I don't want yo' to drown yo'self. I want yo' to lib. 'Wha' fo', Missy Delia?' 'Fo' to tak car' my Harry. I want yo' to go to de wah with him as his servant, fo' to tak car' o' his ho'se an' all dat, an' I want yo' to keep him from ha'm as much as yo' kin. An' if he gets sick or wounded I want yo' to tak car' o' him an' send or bring me wo'd as soon as possible. Will yo' do dat fo' me, Julius?'

"Her eyes war wet when she said dis, an' I tak to cried maself, seein' her cry. An' I said, 'Missy Delia, I go with Mars Harry, an' I bring him back safe an' sonn' to you, ma honey.'

"We was standin' right on de top step up dar between de two pillars in de middle. She tak ma hand in bofe ob hern an' look at me out ob her eyes as if heaben war on de udder side ob 'em. Den she turned an' went into de house.

"Nex' day we leabe de plantation, Mars Harry an' I, to jine de regiment Mars Harry he de fines' ossifer in de whole lot. We jine in with Gineral Wheeler's cavalry an' go gallopin' over de state ob Tennessee. Once in awhile Mars Harry he tak me an' ride to de ole plantation to see his ladylub. An' when we come away Missy Delia say, 'Tak car ob him, Julius, fo' my sake.' An' I say: 'Nebber fear fo' dat, Missy Delia. Reckon I know what I'm about. Den Mars Harry an' I go back to camp.

"One time when Gineral Wheeler war leadin his men back in de r'ar ob de Yankees, brakin' up de railroads an' burnin de wagon trains, he stop one day to rest in a wood an' stayed dar a whole day. Mars Harry he nebber tak to rest. When de udder men war restin he war always tryin' to git some message to his ladylub. He would go to a house an' write a long letter to her full ob lub talk an' pay some nigger to tak it to her.

"Well, when eberybody was restin' Mars Harry he tak me with him to a house about a mile away an' sot down in de libin' room befo' a table, an' he wrote an' wrote all de mawnin'. But befo' he sot down to write he tole me to go down on de Nashville pike, about a mile from whar he war writin', an' stan' on a rise in de groun' whar I could see down de road, an' if I see any bluejackets comin' I wor to ride back an' warn him.

"I rode down to whar I could see two or three miles an' sot on my ho'se, lookin' down de road. Fust thing I knew I sor a nigger gal lookin' frou de rails ob de fence. She war smilin' at me, showin' her teeth lak an alligator's jaw. An' she says, 'Wha' yo' doin' dar?' An' I says, 'Watchin' fo' de Yanks.' An' she says, 'Wha' yo' watchin' fo' de Yanks fo'?' An' I says, 'To wu'n ma mars if dey come.'

"She talks to me awhile, an' bimeby she says, 'Come down dar an' I gib yo' some applejack. I war all tired out ridin' so ha'd an' powerful thirsty, but I say, 'I don't want no applejack.' 'Yes, yo' do,' she says. 'I kin see yo' mouf waterin' fo' it.' 'Go way an' let me alone,' I says.

"Do yo' know wha' dat gal did? She p'inted to de house whar de applejack war, an' she says, 'I keep watch fo' yo' while yo' go down an' get a drink.' I fell under de temptation an', lak a fool, left dat gal to watch an' went down to de house an' filled ma canteen with de applejack. Same time I tuk a long drink. I war gittin' ready to go back when I hearn a clatter ob critters' hoofs on de road above an' saw a lot ob bluecoats gallopin' past toward de house whar Mars Harry was writin' the lub letter to Missy Delia.

"I want to kill somebody sartin. I got on ma ho'se an', ridin back to de road, saw de gal dat brought de trouble on me skulkin' away. I fired ma revolver at her. Den I rode on, follerin' de Yanks. I hearn shootin' ahead, but when I got to de house whar Mars Harry was writin' he lub letter de sojers war all gone. But dar beside de road I saw what hants me eber since."

He put his hand to his eyes as if to shut out some painful sight. Presently he moaned:

"Mars Harry layin' dar shot dead."

For that few minutes he had been tempted to relax his watchfulness he was paying a lifelong penalty. Possibly he had dwelt upon his fault so long that it had affected his mind. I wondered at the love this black man had for one whom he considered so far his superior—the daughter of the man who had owned him and could have sold him as a horse or a dog.

"I knelt down beside him," he continued, "an' called to him: 'Mars Harry, come to life ag'in an lemme be dald in yo' place. I can't live to face Missy Delia nohow. How I gwine to go through life with this curse on me? Come back, Mars Harry, come back fo' Missy Delia. She can't go through de worl' without yo'.

"But he didn't wake up no mo', an' when I see it wa'n't no use talkin' to him I tuk him up an' carried him into de house. An' then I got a wagon an' driv him to de plantation."

He made an effort to tell me of his reception there, but failed.

"How did your mistress treat you after the misfortune?" I asked.

"Misfo'tune! Dat wa'n't no misfo'tune; dat war yieldin to temptation. I's one ob de goats dat is tooken from de sheep. Ef I hadn't listened to dat gal Mars Harry wouldn't 'a' got killed. I didn't hab de courage to go back to de plantation fo' a long time; den I sneaked in among de udder niggers an' hid in de ba'n. Some nigger sor me an' tole Missy Delia I was come home. She hearn all about how Mars Harry got killed, an' thar wa'n't anything fo' me to 'fess. She sent fo' me to come up to de house. My legs ha'dly carried me dar. Missy Delia war standin' by herself in de hall. I stood at de do'. When she sor me she put up her han'chekuff to her eyes an' held out her hand to me. She didn't say a wo'd, but I knowed she fo'gib me.

"Dat didn't do me no good," he continued after a pause, "'cause I didn't fo'gib maself."

"Is your mistress living at the plantation house now?" I asked.

"I reckon she is dar or I wouldn't be hyar. Much as I respec' mars, I wouldn't stay hyar if missy war away. I doin' penance. De plantation runnin' down since de proclemation. De niggers dat tuks to wo'k tuks to wo'k fo' thairselves. De udders won't wo'k nohow. Bimby all go to de debbil; den I gib my 'armin's to missy."

At that moment a woman dressed in deep mourning came out of the front door of the manor house and stood looking pensively on the landscape.

"Dar Missy Delia," said Julius, looking at the lady, the usual melancholy of his eye intensified. "She neber git ober it. I neber git ober it. She war strucken in de heart; I war strucken in de feelin'. In de day I see missy mow'nin'; in the night I wake up an' see Mars Harry lyin' dead in de road."

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 20, 1911.

Local and General.

—Railroad men who blockade crossings more than ten minutes can now be arrested and prosecuted under the new state law signed recently by Governor Tener.

—The Bell Telephone Company is putting up a three-story brick building at Salamanca, N. Y., which will cost about $25,000 and will be used for office and operating quarters.

—Excited by a picture showing the warfare in Mexico last Friday in Erie, Adwalder Williams, aged 22 years, died of heart failure. He was found dead in his seat by an employee of the theatre and there was great commotion among the spectators.

—Last Monday afternoon as Mrs. C. Reed stepped into the woodshed her home in West Galeton, she made the acquaintance of a huge rattler, which she was brave enough to kill. His snakeship measured 3 feet and had ten rattles.—Galeton Dispatch.

The only honest and honorable way to stop a newspaper subscription is to step into the office and pay all charges and get a receipt, and have your name taken from the list. To mail your paper back at the publishers marked "refused" when you owe for six months or a year's subscription is dishonest, never go near the office, is simply disreputable, but superlatively dishonest.—Exchange.

The many friends of Dr. Evan O'Kane will be pleased to learn that his condition at this writing is much improved and that he is practically out of danger. The doctor has been quite ill for the past week, blood poisoning in the thumb and an attack of pneumonia. It will be some time before he is able to attend to his surgical duties at the Kane Summit Hospital.—Kane Leader.

—Twenty-one miners were killed in an explosion in the shaft of the Pocahontas Coal and Coke Co. mine at Jacksonville, nine miles from DuBois, last Saturday night. The explosion occurred at 9:30, but it was after daylight before the extent of the disaster was known. All of the dead but three were foreigners. The explosion was slight, as evidenced by the small damage done in the mine, but the deadly afterdamp is responsible for most of the deaths.

—Lightning which used a steel hairpin as its point of attack, struck and instantly killed Mrs. Margaret Welch, wife of Martin Welch of Kinzua, Pa., at 8:10 p. m., Sunday, while she was on her way home from church. Mrs. Welch had gone to the Catholic church to attend the evening services. About 8 o'clock there was a severe electrical storm. Mrs. Welch, fearing that she would be caught in the rain, left the church and was hastening along the sidewalk toward her home, when she was struck and killed.

—Charles Moshier, a Coudersport printer, met a horrible fate at Corning some time last Thursday afternoon. His lifeless body was found on the New York Central track in the yards of that city. It is generally supposed that he had been drinking and tried to catch a freight to get out of the city and lost his hold and fell under the wheels. When found both legs were cut off and his body quite badly mutilated. Moshier was about 26 years old and leaves a young wife and two small children, homeless and destitute. Moshier was formerly employed in Coudersport in the printing trade, and was well known there.

—The Warren Times says: Reports reaching this office from several points north of this city chronicle the fall of snow yesterday afternoon. It has been years since a flake of "the beautiful" has fallen during the month of July. In fact, The Times man has found no one living in Warren who can ever remember of a snowfall during the seventh month in the year. There was a slight shower, and during this, reports state, several flakes of snow fluttered downward. At Russel comes the dispatch that in the woods close to that village large snow flakes fell in abundance, and this is vouched for by reliable parties. There was a slight fall of rain in Warren yesterday afternoon, but it did not produce sleighing.

—Maud Bullock, aged 17 years, who lives at South Bradford, was assaulted by an unknown man at a point opposite the race track while walking along the Erie railroad tracks to her home in South Bradford Saturday evening at about 6:30 o'clock. She had been down town shopping and was returning home, carrying a number of bundles. When she reached the racetrack she was accosted by the would-be assaulter, who asked her to take a walk with him. She told him to go along and mind his business as she did not know him. He made a rush at her and threw her over the side of the track and both landed in the ditch at the side of the track. She screamed and fought and the man was foiled. At this juncture three men appeared in the distance walking up the tracks and the man became frightened and departed. The police were notified and made a diligent search for the man, but were unable to locate him.

—Peering into first one window and then another of the Warren National bank, endeavoring to get into the basements of various business places and indulging in other freak antics was the cause of the arrest last week of a man giving the name of John Anderson. He claimed his home was in Wilcox and instructed the Chief of Police to telephone to Martin Lindquist to get information regarding him. This the chief did and Lindquist instructed him to telephone to Port Allegany as his home was in that city. A brother of the demented man went to Warren from Port Allegany and swore out the commitment papers, to have him placed in the State Hospital for the Insane, but all to no avail, for the present at least. The hospital officials refused to receive Anderson without an order from the Court of Quarter Sessions, so he must be held over in the jail until the necessary order from Judge Hinckley is secured.

DEFIED THE COMMODORE.

Pinkham Was Insubordinate, but He Saved Vessel and Crew.

Reuben Pinkham, a native of Nantucket, made his first trip as third lieutenant on the ship Potomac, which crossed the north Pacific, a region little known to naval vessels in the early thirties. Pinkham had been on several whaling voyages and was familiar with those waters. The author of "The Island of Nantucket" says that one day, near sunset, he had the watch, while the commodore was pacing up and down the deck.

Suddenly Pinkham gave the order, "Man the weather braces!"

"What's that for?" asked the commodore.

"We shall have wind in a moment."

The commodore went to the lee rail and scanned the sea and sky. "I see no signs of wind," he returned. "Let the men leave the braces."

The crew dropped the ropes.

"Keep hold of the braces, every man of you!" called out Pinkham, and the men resumed their grasp. The commodore flushed with anger and exclaimed in peremptory tones:

"Let the men leave the braces!" and again the braces were dropped.

"Don't any of you dare to drop the ropes!" shouted Pinkham, shaking his trumpet at the crew, who once more took hold. Just then the wind dropped entirely; not a breath stirred.

"Taut, taut! Haul, all of you!" called Pinkham, and the ponderous yards swung to reversed position. The wind came our of the opposite quarter and struck the ship like a sledge hammer. The vessel staggered, shook the spray from her bows and dashed ahead. The commodore disappeared into his cabin without saying a word.

Presently he sent the first lieutenant to relieve Pinkham, requesting to see the latter immediately. When Pinkham entered the cabin the commodore said:

"I consider that I am indebted to you for all of our lives, but I will tell you frankly if that wind hadn't come I should have put you in irons in two minutes."

FEES FOR ITS FLASHES.

San Salvador Uses a Live Volcano as a Lighthouse.

The republic of San Salvador is the only government on earth that collects lighthouse fees on account of a volcano that it owns and without the slightest cost of upkeep.

The volcanic beacon is about eight miles inland from the port of Acajutla, and its pillar of cloud by day and its fire sky by night are visible for many miles out at sea. It bursts forth every seven minutes and is just as accurate as any revolving light that warns mariners of danger in any part of the world.

This volcano has been keeping up this seven minute series of eruptions ever since any one can remember. It is a favorite amusement of visitors to sit by the hour during the lazy afternoons and, watch in hand, to time the eruptions till they tire of the occupation and fall asleep. No one has ever caught the volcano napping, however.

Every vessel that puts in at Acajutla has to pay its lighthouse fee. There is no other lighthouse than the volcano, but that is a sufficient excuse for the government of Salvador to make a charge for its services. The explosions that accompany the eruptions sound like detonations of heavy charge of dynamite, but fortunately they are not sufficient to shake the ground perceptibly more than about a mile or two from the summit of the crater.—Pearson's Weekly.

DUCKING A SCOLD

A Custom Quite Popular at One Time In This Country.

WOMEN ALWAYS THE VICTIMS.

In Colonial Days Ducking Stools Were Common In Maryland. In Virginia the Penalty Was Often Inflicted, and Georgia Sinned as Late as 1819.

Nowadays if a woman forms the habits of talking too loud and too long or insists upon saying unpleasant things in wrong places and at wrong seasons there are several things which may happen to her. If she is a person of some social standing her husband may get a divorce, or if she belongs in one of the lower strata he may leave her without that little formality. If she makes life too unbearable for the neighbors she may possibly be arrested and fined. If she lives in England and interrupts the proceedings of parliament, calls names, chases dignitaries to cover whenever they show themselves in public and knocks off policemen's helmets she is called a suffragette and sometimes imprisoned. But even the most "obstinately opprobrious and virulent woman," to quote the stately Addison, may be confident that she will escape the punishment meted out to her sister of old. Whatever happens, she won't be sentenced to the ducking stool. In many ways modern life is tame and lacking in dramatic incident for a self assertive lady, and even the English suffragettes complain that they are not taken seriously enough.

No such claim could have been made in the past, say between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries, when far more rigid views prevailed on the subject of feminine self repression. In those days magistrates were unanimous in the conviction that "meekness is ye choicest ornament for a woman," and it was held a crime to speak "discomfitedly" of those in authority, civil or ecclesiastical. A woman must not even indulge in too great freedom of speech in the privacy of her own home and neighborhood. Sometimes she did, and then she was attended to in a simple yet spectacular manner.

She was bound securely to a stout chair firmly fixed to the end of a long beam, arranged to work up and down on the principle of the seesaw, on the edge of a river or pond. On the bank at the other end a man worked the contrivance by means of a strong chain, and she was given a ducking, which lasted until justice was satisfied or reform was promised, the populace of course gathering in large numbers to assist at the function.

In England the practice was so general that each town had its ducking pond conveniently located where petty offenders of various kinds were disciplined. The pond for the western part of London was what is now a portion of Trafalgar square, Charing Cross. Many of the old ducking stools are still in existence as curiosities. In the days of their activity they were kept in the church porches, where they doubtless pointed a moral as to the haughty spirit which goeth before a fall.

The first colonists brought the institution to this country, although it never flourished in New England. In fact, there are no authentic records of the actual use of the ducking stool in these colonies, although a number of women were sentenced to be so punished. They had, however, other methods of treatment for ladies of a shrewish disposition, one of these being the wearing of a cleft stick upon the tongue.

In the central and southern colonies the custom was quite popular. In the seventeenth century ducking stools were in every county in Maryland, and in 1775 one was placed at the confluence of the Ohio and Monongahela rivers. In Virginia the penalty was often employed, and in 1634 a Thomas Hartly of that colony wrote. It is said, to Governor Endicott of Massachusetts, giving a detailed account of a ducking administered to "one Betsey, wife of John Tucker, who by violence of her tongue had made his home and ye neighborhood uncomfortable." After describing the machine he adds: "Ye rope was slackened by ye officer, and ye woman was allowed to go [illegible] under ye water for ye space of a minute. Betsey had a stout [illegible] and would not yield until she had allowed herself to be ducked five several times." After she promised to "sin no more" Betsey was untied and allowed to "walk home in her wetted clothes, a hopefully penitent woman."

The ducking stool prevailed longer in America than in England. In the old country it does not seem to have been used later than 1809, but in Georgia women were ducked for scolding as late as 1819. It is interesting to note that in 1824 a woman in Philadelphia was sentenced to be ducked, but the decree was not carried out, as it was "deemed obsolete and contrary to the spirit of the times." A writer on colonial customs states that one of the last indictments for ducking in this country was that of Mrs. Anne Royall in Washington, a lobbyist, who "became so abusive to congressmen that she was indicted as a common scold before Judge William Cranch and was sentenced by him to be ducked in the Potomac. She was, however, not subjected to the ducking indignity, but was released with a fine."—Bellman.

When our hatred is too bitter it places us below those whom we hate. —La Rochefoucauld.

BLED THEM WHITE.

The Treatment in Fever Cases Till Quinine Wrought a Change.

In 1832, when the French were conducting a campaign of conquest in Algeria, the mortality among the troops and colonists there was frightful. France was being continually called upon for fresh levies of men and youths to supply this terrible loss, chiefly from fever incidental to the climate.

At that time the practice of bleeding still prevailed. "Bleed them till they are white" was the injunction which Broussais, the head physician of the French, gave to his followers when the condition of the soldiers was reported to him.

At Bone in one year out of an effective force of 5,500 men, 1,100 died of illness in the hospital. Most of them had been "bled to the white."

At this time the effects of sulphate of quinine were known, but few physicians ventured to employ it. One, Maillot, had interested himself in the new remedy and, going to Bone in the medical service of the government, he resolved to see if it would not reduce the frightful mortality, which was one to every three and one-half men who entered the hospital.

At first he employed the quinine merely as an adjunct to the bleeding. He soon found that bleeding was killing the men and that quinine was saving them. Little by little he left off bleeding, to the great scandal of the medical profession.

Exactly in proportion as the bleeding ceased the deaths in the hospital decreased. In two years the deaths fell off from one in three and a half of all who entered the hospital to one in twenty and finally to one in forty-six.

Maillot, quite naturally enough, became an earnest opponent of bleeding, but he was so actively resisted and so ceaselessly vilified that he became embittered toward his colleagues.

Nearly thirty years passed before Maillot saw the complete triumph of his ideas. Doctors continued to bleed their patients heartily for all manner of ills. But in 1860 Maillot was made commander of the Legion of Honor and chief of the medical staff of the French army, and his influence, with others, in bringing about a virtual revolution in the practice of medicine was fully recognized.—Harper's Weekly.

Missed a Train That Was a Day Late.

When the Switz City division of the Illinois Central was built it was known as the Indiana and Illinois Southern. It was a narrow gauge road; the roadbed was bad, the engines and cars were built on a miniature scale, and, while there was a schedule, had a train been on time the fact would have been regarded as a miracle. The road was known as the "Try Weakly." On one occasion Josiah McConnell desired to go to Switz City from Sullivan, but missed the train by a minute or two. The clock at the station showed that the train had left Sullivan five minutes ahead of time, and McConnell sued the railroad company for $5,000 damages. On a trial of the case it was proved beyond a doubt that the train McConnell missed should have gone the day before and was really twenty-three hours and fifty-five minutes late.

Lettres de Cachet.

Lettres de cachet was the name given in France to warrants sealed with the king's seal ordering persons to be thrown into prison or exiled. The first came into use about 1670 and shortly became one of the popular terrors of France. It is said that no less than 9,000 lettres de cachet were issued during the reign of Louis XIV. and 80,000 during the reign of Louis XV. In many cases these terrible documents were secretly sold and used as a source of illicit revenue. They were frequently signed in blank, and the holder of one of these royal terrors could write in the name of any person against whom he happened to have a grudge. The national assembly abolished this iniquitous privilege of issuing lettres de cachet on Nov. 1, 1789.

Juvenile Logic.

Little Mabel's mother was expecting Mabel's auntie on a visit. Just as she was almost due to arrive a telegram came, which read: "Missed train. Will start at same time tomorrow."

Mabel hurried home from school, expecting to greet her auntie, instead of which she was shown the telegram. She read it through carefully and laboriously, and then she remarked:

"How silly of auntie, mamma!"

"Why, dear?" inquired her mother.

"Well, don't you see that if she starts at the same time tomorrow she will miss the train again."—Illustrated Bits.

Absurd.

Bootmaker (who has a deal of trouble with his customer)—I think, sir, if you were to cut your corns I could more easily find you a pair. Choleric Old Gentleman—Cut my corns, sir! I ask you to fit me a pair of boots to my feet, sir! I'm not going to plane my feet down to fit your boots!—London Telegraph.

Very Diplomatic.

"You say De Skill plays an ideal game of golf?"

"Yes. He plays well enough to make it interesting for an influential friend without actually beating him."—New York Telegram.

Humorist In Straits.

Beggar—Please help me to recover my child. Lady—Is your child lost? Beggar—No, mum, but his clothes are worn out.—Boston Transcript.

Nothing is so dear and so precious as time.—Rabelais.

The Difference In Speed.

The professor of shorthand in a local business college adduced this unanswerable argument in an address to a new class the other day:

"We are told that it took Gray, author of the well known 'Elegy In a Country Churchyard,' seven years to write that famous poem. If he had known stenography he could have done it in seven minutes. We have graduates who have done that same poem in that length of time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call...

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

Snubbing an Ex-President.

On the morning of March 4, 1844, Mr. Tyler left the White House, not caring to assist in the inauguration of his successor. As the Potomac steamer was about to swing away from the wharf, which was crowded with those who were glad to see the ex-president depart, he came along with his family, a squadron of negro servants and a great lot of luggage. As they alighted from their carriages at the head of the wharf the whistle sounded, the boat's bell rang, and she began slowly to move away. Someone in the crowd sang out: "Hello—hello, captain! Hold on there! Ex-President Tyler is coming! Hold on!" The captain, an old Clay Whig, standing near the stern of the boat on the upper deck, looked over the rail, saw the presidential crowd coming, but pulled his engine bell violently and shouted: "Ex-President Tyler be dashed! Let him stay."

This scene was lithographed, and copies hung for years in many of the saloons and public houses of Washington.—Perley's Reminiscences.

Bloodhounds.

A bloodhound is not much more dangerous than a French poodle. His flop ears and wrinkled forehead give him an appearance that does not invite intimacy, but he cannot help his looks and despite them is a sociable, good natured dog. He has not a keener scent than any other meinber of the hound family. As a man chaser he is a dismal failure. A crime has been committed, the trail of the criminal is warm, a pack of the best bloodhounds from the next county is turned loose, etc. One may read something like this every week. But one never reads of these bloodhounds really getting the criminal at bay. If they tree a man he is the wrong man. No one ever ought to be convicted on the testimony of a bloodhound. A bloodhound on the trail of a criminal is just as apt as not to trot up to the back porch of a gentle old parson and wag his tail in ecstasy at sight of a ham bone.—Washington Star.

Great Writers and Great Readers.

Macaulay was quite contented if he turned out two foolscap pages as his actual completed task in mere writing for one day. He was never tired of laying in new stores, and he persistently "refreshed" his memory by running over books which he had read oftentimes before. The books and manuscripts which Gibbon read in twenty years reached such an enormous number that when he attempted to form a catalogue of them he was compelled to give up the task in despair. He was constantly adding to the enormous reservoir of knowledge which he had at command, and thus his works never grew stale, and he was ready instantly with a hundred illustrative lights on any point which chanced to crop up either in conversation or in the course of his reading.—Exchange.

Did He Get Off?

The famous Liddell, who, with Scott, compiled Liddell and Scott's lexicon, was dean of Christchurch college, Oxford. It was whispered in regard to the lexicon that Liddell provided the money and Scott the brains. A young undergraduate was haled before the dean for some misdemeanor. "I hear, Mr. ——, that you have a pretty wit for impromptu verse," said the dean. "If you will write one on the lexicon I will let you off." The young man thought a moment and then said:

"There's a lexicon written by Liddell and Scott,
Some of it's good and some of it's not.
The part that is good was written by Scott,
The part that was written by Liddell is rot."

London Built on Sponges.

One could surely find no worse ground to build upon than a bed of sponges such as we use for the bath. And yet London has for its suosoil only sponges, although we call them flints. Once they grew as sponges do now in salt water shallows, and they are found in layers petrified among the chalk of southern England. The Thames valley chalk has been melted like so much sugar and carried away with the running waters, but the flints have been left behind, and on these the whole city of London has found its excellent foundations.—London Spectator.

Homely Illustration.

"Sometimes a virtue can be exaggerated until it becomes a vice," said the earnest adviser.

"I see exactly what you're comin at," replied Tarantula Tim. "Where as four aces is a blessin' an' greatly to be admired, five of 'em kin create untold dissension."—Washington Star.

A Leading Question.

"Mr. Wombat?"

"What is it, Tommy?"

"When you were a little boy and fellers called on your sister did they ever give you a nickel to go out and play?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mean.

Mrs. Buxom—That hateful Mrs. Knox made a very mean comment upon my age today. Mr. Buxom—Did she say you were getting old? Mrs. Buxom—No, indeed! She said I still looked quite young.

Lofty Literature.

An editor, in reply to a yong writer who wished to know which magazine would give him the highest position quickest, advised "a powder magazine, especially if you contribute a fiery article."—Exchange.

Never tell your resolution beforehand.—Selden.

CRUSHING A NATION.

The Cambray League and the Fall of the Venetian Republic.

The League of Cambray was the politicst combination of continental Europe in 1508 against the Venetian republic, which tore from the "Queen of the Adriatic" her resplendent crown and forced to her lips the cup of deepest humiliation.

Back of the league and causing its formation were jealousy, ambition and the desire of crippling the proud people, whose history was the wonder and envy of the world. Too powerful to be overthrown by any single power, it was resolved that Venice should be crushed by the combined forces of all Europe.

During the terrible days of Attila, about A. D. 453, Venice was founded out among the lagoons of the Adriatic, where, it was felt, safety would be found from the ravages of the Hun. The history of the thousand years from the foundation of the city to the year 1508 reads like magic. Rising from the waves, Venice became the wonder of the world. Her navy cut the waters of every known sea: Her merchants were the greatest on earth. Her bank was the financial center of the world. Her palaces, which seemed to be floating upon the blue waters of the Adriatic, were the envy of the kings and queens of the continent. Wealth, fashion, splendor—their abode was Venice.

And so for more than ten centuries did Venice remain the glory of the world, the center of wealth, opulence and power, the home of culture and intelligence, the hearthstone about which sat the finest of the intellectual graces and hospitalities, and such she might have remained but for the League of Cambray, which, with its overwhelming forces, gave her the blow (at Agnadello in 1509) from which it was impossible for her to recover.

STORES IN BURMA.

You Can Make Purchases in Them If You Try Hard Enough.

You may walk through the muddy old markets of Rangoon for hours at a time or through the bazaar at Mandalay without any of the salespeople taking the slightest notice of you as a possible purchaser of their wares. The dear little ladies sit crosslegged upon long tables in front of the high cupboards containing their goods. They are placidly smoking or chatting or painting their faces or braiding their hair. They are not attending to business in the least.

If the European is conspicuously dressed or presents a figure which the Burman, with his finely trained sense of humor, considers at all ridiculous then a gay ripple of laughter passes along the stalls, and then indeed the would be customer is noticed, but otherwise the tourist is an object of no interest whatever.

It requires a great effort to get a Burmese shopwoman (they are nearly all women) to show you her silks, and when at last she has spread her merchandise broadcast upon the table and you are reveling in the illusion that you are living in the middle of a rainbow, with a chance of holding fast to some of its colors, she will ask her price, which is seldom more than a rupee too much, and will stick to it like glue.

She is an indolent lady in many ways, who loves a quiet life, and she has determined that her most comfortable course is not to haggle in the market place. So you may make up your mind that bargaining and persuasion are useless arts to practice in Burma, however valuable they may be elsewhere.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Very Proud Indeed.

"Once," said a labor leader, "the garbage collectors in a small town struck for higher pay. While the strike was on the municipal employees—the cashiers and clerks—were called on to perform the collectors' work. As they went about the town doing this work, clad in high collars, patent leather shoes, kid gloves and fur lined overcoats, they attracted a good deal of attention. One old dame was heard to say:

"'My goodness, the slopmen must have got that raise they struck for! Look what dudes they are now! And so proud and cold like! They'll hardly speak to you as they take your slop.'"

Seven Wonders of the World.

"I wonder where he gets his money."

"I wonder how she can afford such clothes."

"I wonder if he is really in earnest."

"I wonder if she will be sitting up for me."

"I wonder if he thinks nobody suspects him."

"I wonder if she thinks the powder doesn't show."

"I wonder if he will ever propose."—Chicago Post.

Sad, but True.

Proud Father (showing off his first-born)—Jim, what do you think of that for a kid? Jim (unemotionally)—He's all right. Proud Father (persisting)—Think he looks like me, old man? Jim (really embarrassed)—H'm! Well, Bill, to tell you the honest truth, I'm afraid he does!—London Tit-Bits.

Defined.

A number of scholars were asked to explain the meaning of the term "righteous indignation," and one little chap wrote, "Being angry without cussing."

That's What It's For.

Patience—Do you believe in wearing false hair? Patrice—Why, certainly! What else would one do with it?—Yonkers Statesman.

SMALL CHANGE.

Coins of Less Value Than a Cent That Are in Actual Use Abroad.

As a device for making change where prices are stated in fractions of a cent the coinage of a two and a half cent piece proposed in the bill of Representative Sheppard of Texas may be less impracticable than the frequently proposed half cent piece.

Coins smaller than a cent have not generally proved popular in western Europe. The farthing is only seen in London when some cute pusher shoe advertises prices ending in three-fourths of a penny and seeks out for a bag of new farthings to assist change. The French centime is little used. The "sou," which equals a cent, and the British ha'penny being the smallest common coins. In Italy beggars throw the little "centesimi" into the river to keep them out of circulation; the common "soldo," again, is our cent.

Thrifty German lands, with their "pfennigs" and "heller," give us about our nearest example of coins less than a cent in actual use, but if one wants a whole handful of coins for 5 cents he should go farther and get in Bulgaria 25 "stotinkis," in Turkey 45 "parbs," in Portugal 50 "reis" or in China about 80 "cash" with holes in the middle to string them together for safe keeping.

It is odd that the proposal for a fractional coin should come from west of the Mississippi. Not so long ago the 5 cent piece was the smallest coin current over a large part of our western country.—New York Herald.

PRESERVED BY THE BIBLE.

English Words and Phrases the King James Version Has Perpetuated.

The celebration of the third centenary of the King James version of the Bible makes particularly interesting at this time a point brought out by Professor Albert S. Cook of Yale university in his book "The Authorized Version and Its Influence." He calls attention to a number of commonly used words and phrases which are not generally attributed to Biblical origin. They are mentioned as evidence of the Bible's important service in preserving through the centuries words which might otherwise have perished.

Some of the examples which he quotes are "highways and hedges," "clear as crystal," "hip and thigh," "arose as one man," "lick the dust," "a thorn in the flesh," "a broken reed," "root of all evil," "sweat of his brow," "a law unto themselves," "the fat of the land," "a soft answer," "weighed in the balance and found wanting," and "heap coals of fire."

Professor Cook also points out that in spite of the influence of the Bible upon literature the number of words which appear in it falls below the number of words used by Milton and Shakespeare. In the authorized version, according to Professor Cook, use is made of only about 6,000 words, whereas Milton found it necessary to draw upon about 13,000 and Shakespeare something like 21,000.—New York Sun.

Stones Sawed With Diamonds.

There is in use in France a circular diamond saw for cutting stone. The diamonds that form the cutting teeth of the saw are common crystals, worth about $2.50 a carat, and they are fixed in a steel disk over six feet in diameter, which is mounted on a spindle and revolved by electric power in the manner in which an ordinary circular saw is operated. For sawing hard stones there are 200 diamonds in the cutting edge and the speed is 300 revolutions a minute. The saw enters the stone about one foot in that time. For soft stones the teeth are of steel, with diamonds at intervals of every five teeth, and at a speed of twelve turns a minute the saw advances a yard a minute. This saw cuts and dresses the stone on all sides and gives it sharp outlines, and it accomplishes its work at one-eighth to one-tenth the cost of hand labor.—Harper's Weekly.

Conquered Lively Kitty.

When Jones brothers, buck jumpers, were showing at Whangarei, New Zealand, recently, the ringmaster called for volunteers to ride a weary looking animal named Lively Kitty. Much to the astonishment of the spectators, a clergyman entered the ring—the Rev. Jasper Calder of Whangarei. After two unsuccessful attempts at mounting, due to the restlessness of the horse, Mr. Calder got safely seated. In an instant Lively Kitty showed that her title was justly earned by putting in a few good, straight bucks and some nasty twists, but the reverend gentleman showed himself to be an excellent horseman by sitting calmly in the saddle until his mount had had enough.

Swiss Dislike of Motors.

The referendum recently taken in the Canton Graubunden, which includes the Engadine resorts, as to whether motorcars should or should not be allowed has not resulted in favor of the motorist. Eleven thousand votes were against it and only 3,000 for opening the roads to motor traffic. However, the matter is not ended yet and will be discussed by a conference of all the Swiss cantons, but it is not likely that motors will be allowed in the Engadine this year.—London Queen.

Bullfighting Mortality.

Bullfighting levies a heavy toll upon human life in Spain. During a recent season in Madrid at least twelve bullfighters were killed and 111 injured, a record of casualities unprecedented in the history of the national sport of Spain. It has been computed that about 2,500 bulls and 3,500 horses are killed every year in Spanish bullfights.

REMARKABLE SERMONS.

Some Were Cruelly Long, and Others Were Models of Brevity.

Sermons are not so lengthy as they used to be, and one seldom sees in the comic prints the joke, so familiar in other times, wherein the minister was chided for his "fourteenthly" remark, which was supposed to mark a period in his sermon somewhat toward its close.

It is said that Thomas Hooker thought his duty ill performed if his sermon did not consume three hours. Once it is related that the famous divine did deliver a really short sermon—preaching exactly fifteen minutes. He sat down, but after a brief rest was up and at it again for two hours more. Every one of Cranmer's sermons was a small volume in itself, and Bunyan, Calvin, Baxter and Knox are all said to have been only a little more merciful to their hearers.

In striking contrast to these long winded discourses may be mentioned some startlingly brief sermons of late years. Perhaps the shortest of all was that delivered by a clergyman at Ocean Grove, N. J., who, after announcing his text, impressively surveyed his congregation and then said:

"Don't worry; it's wicked." He then sat down.

It would be difficult to exceed this in brevity and effectiveness, but a north of England vicar in the last century closely approximated it. He gave out the text, "God so loved the world," etc., to which he added this observation:

"My friends, did I speak an hour I couldn't make that message any plainer. I'll just leave it with you."

Another example of a brief but extraordinarily effective sermon was furnished by an aged and feeble clergyman in Ohio. He had been requested to deliver a charity address on behalf of orphan children, but his strength was unequal to the task. It was therefore an inspiration indeed that moved him to stretch forth one feeble arm in the direction of the little unfortunates sitting near the pulpit and to exclaim with no little pathos, "Whence shall we find bread that these may eat?"

So impressed was the congregation that the collection was the largest ever taken in that vicinity.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Ghost in the Commons.

A certain M. P., lying ill on the continent a number of years ago, received an urgent "whip" for a critical division in the house and replied that he would be present at all cost to his health or convenience. On the eventful night when the house divided the tellers at the division lobby door saw the M. P. in question, and his vote was recorded. The day afterward it was discovered that the number of votes recorded by the division clerks was one short of the number given by the tellers. It was afterward found that at the time the division was taken the M. P. had breathed his last.—London Mail.

Simple Spot Remover.

This is a recipe for the very best "spot remover" you ever tried:

Two ounces of castile soap shaved fine and two quarts of pure soft water. Boil till soap is thoroughly dissolved, strain and cool. When cool add one ounce sulphuric ether and two ounces of wood alcohol. Shake it well and keep corked.

It is now ready for use and will remove spots and stains from your clothing like magic, especially woolen garments.—National Magazine.

An Old Time Champion.

Robert Barclay Allardice, a Scotch captain in the British army, who was born in 1779 and died in 1854, was a noted pedestrian. At the age of fifteen he walked six miles within an hour. When he was twenty he covered 150 miles on foot in two days, and in June, 1801, in excessively hot weather he walked 300 miles in five days. His most surprising performance was walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 successive hours. A half million dollars was staked on the result.

Killing a Fashion.

The muff reached its highest point in the reign of Louis XV. Then fashion declared for a cloth muff instead of fur, and the furriers made a great uproar. Finally some ingenious merchant bribed the headsman to carry a cloth muff on execution day. The women shrank from such association, and the fur won the day.

Giving Him Encouragement.

"I am going to ask your father for your hand."

"Oh, that will be lovely!"

"You are glad?"

"Delighted! I will call and bring you flowers every day until you are able to be out again. I have never seen the inside of a hospital."—Houston Post.

A Loophole Open.

"You're a fraud, sir!" cried the indignant patient. "You guaranteed your medicine to cure after everything else failed, and"—

"Well, my dear sir," replied the fake medicine man, "probably you haven't tried everything else."—Philadelphia Press.

Got One Order.

First Book Agent—Did you receive an order at that house I just saw you come out of? Second Book Agent—Yes, I was told to "git."—Boston Transcript.

Good breeding is a letter of credit all over the world.

GRASSHOPPERS INJURING ALFALFA.

We have been accustomed to ignore the importance of grasshopper injury in the Eastern states, and to think of these insects chiefly as pests of the Central and Western portion of the United States. The following correspondence between an extensive mine superintendent and State Zoologist H. A. Surface, gives timely information on this subject:

The former wrote: "In May of last year we seeded eight acres of alfalfa. In June we cut six tons of hay; as soon as the second crop commenced to shoot, it was practically eaten up by grasshoppers. This year we had about the same experience; our first cutting was very poor as each root put up about one stalk. The second crop however, was nicely started, with from five to twelve stalks to the root, and a good color. Now I find that the grasshoppers have nearly destroyed the crop. Is there any remedy for them? * * * Our company has a thousand acres of surface and can use up most of the hay, but so far the grasshoppers have destroyed what would have been the two best cuttings."

To this Professor Surface replied as follows:

"I note with great interest that you recognize the destruction of grasshoppers to the hay crop, and especially to alfalfa. This is something that has not received proper attention in Eastern America. These pests are far more destructive than is usually supposed. I am satisfied that sometimes fifty per cent. of the hay crop is destroyed by grasshoppers, but we do not realize this.

"Also I learn, from observation that alfalfa is especially subject to this pest, as you suggest. It is probably because of its continuous succulent growth. There is no known remedy that has been sufficiently tried to prove such as to justify us in recommending it without question, but I would suggest that plan of mowing and removing the crop, and then at once spraying the stubble with two pounds of arsenate of lead in fifty gallons of water; or in mowing all but a small strip in the center of the field, and spraying this—and killing the grasshoppers upon it, and then do not use this particular strip for hay. If you spray the stubble the new crop coming on will not be poisoned, and will be ready for use for hay when it is high enough.

"You know how the grasshoppers gradually jump away from the mowing machine toward the middle of the field as you mow around it. The mowing could be done in such a way as to drive them pretty well toward the middle, and there they could be exterminated by spraying with a crop sprayer, the same as is used for potatoes. If this is not done the pests accumulate, and become more and more in number each year.

"The alfalfa field is particularly adapted to the increase of such pests for the reason that this crop remains in the field sometimes for several years, and thus the important method of pest control by means of crop rotation is not possible. This is one feature that must be considered in the growing of alfalfa. As surely as you let the grasshoppers or other pests attack this crop unchecked, and multiply in the field year after year, they will prove more and more seriously destructive. One of the two methods suggested above should help to give relief from them. I, therefore, earnestly recommend prompt attention in this regard, and hope to hear of your results later."

He Would Indeed.

"What's this word, pa?" asked Willie, pointing it out in his book.

"Phenomenon," replied pa.

"Well, what is that?"

"That, my son, is exactly what you would be if you never disturbed your father with questions."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Disappointed.

Mr. X.—Oh, I've been doing quite a round of calls, and I've been so unfortunate! Mrs X. What, everybody out? Mr. X.—No; everybody in!—London Opinion.

Imagination causes more aches and pains than all other ailments.—Babcock.

G. H. DENNING

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A SERIOUS DISPUTE

about the difference in pure and unadulterated wines, liquors, etc., would reveal to you the healthfulness and life-giving principles of the pure juice of the grape or pure whiskey unalloyed with deleterious liquids. That is the kind that we insist upon keeping. The kind that makes your blood tingle with health and digestion, and puts new life in the old and feeeble.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,

Wholesale Liquors,

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